It's Smart To Be Thrifty"—By A MACY EMP

New Masses FEBRUARY 25, 1936 15

Paris Defends Léon Blum

AN EYE-WITNESS REPORT BY RAOUL DAMIENS

Landon Gets a Haircut

By DEWITT GILPIN

2,000,000 Black Voices

By RICHARD WRIGHT

The Battle for Art

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

For a Doctors' Union

By DANIEL SUMMER

A Pinch of Salt

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

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New Masses

FEBRUARY 25, 1936

Advance in Spain

THIS week the People's Front scored two significant victories in Europe.

In Paris nearly a million people opposed to reaction united in a mighty demonstration protesting the assault on the Socialist leader, Léon Blum. They swept the fascists off the streets of the leading cities in France.

In Spain, the People's Bloc won a smashing victory at the elections. The United Front of Communists, Socialists and all other enemies of fascism triumphed over the reactionaries headed by Gil Robles. Even the incomplete reports which have arrived at this writing indicate a victory for the people in Madrid, Catalonia, the Basque and Galician provinces, Seville, Saragossa and Bilbao. In Barcelona the People's Bloc has already taken power.

Significant in the Spanish victory was the role of the anarcho-syndicalist workers. These abandoned their traditional policy of boycotting politics on principle and threw in their lot with the Communists and Socialists.

Germany and Italy have taught the world that fascism *must* be stopped. France and Spain are now teaching it that fascism *can* be stopped if only all the progressive elements of contemporary society unite their power.

We in America ought to learn this all-important lesson before it is too late. The most effective reply to the Liberty Leaguers and the Hearsts—the La Rocques and Gil Robles of America—would be a nationwide Farmer-Labor Party, the American equivalent of the People's Front.

Serrano

"Come now, don't get discouraged. For years I painted and starved—until—presto—I won the Sweepstakes."

National Blacklist

IN Boston a work relief administrator named Emil Fuchs recently announced that Washington was about ready to establish the Nazi passport system in America. Every American citizen could soon be compelled, crowed the little bureaucrat, to register at a police station and to carry an identification card.

In Philadelphia the City Council has already compelled registration with the police by every person who has served any sort of a sentence for crime. This includes, of course, pickets arrested during a strike, speakers jailed in a fight for free speech and many other wide categories of progressive citizens who are not Liberty Leaguers.

Finger-printing and registration for all has been debated by the assembly of New York and in other states. This is becoming a national campaign and it is not difficult to guess who is behind it.

Hearst has been the loudest and most obvious champion of this Czarist passport system, but every other banker and industrialist who hates union labor is pushing it too. Here is the grandest blacklist scheme ever invented to crush trade unionism and insure low wages. Here is the most beautiful device for ticketing every citizen who displays the faintest pink of liberalism, and rubbing it out of him. If there is any first step toward an American fascism, this is it. The danger cannot be exaggerated; and it must be met now, or tomorrow there will be worse.

"God's Elect"

NEW YORK police beat up Congressman Marcantonio at about the same time that French fascists beat up Léon Blum. So far American tory technique differs from the French. In this country, when an elected representative of the people attempts to exercise his constitutional right of free assembly, the police take the place of the fascist bands, the police beat him over

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ne head and take him into "protective custody."

Representative Vito Marcantonio spoke at a demonstration of W.P.A. workers in New York City in favor of demands for adequate relief. "I believe in civil liberty," he said. "I can't talk one way in the House of Representatives and dodge the issue in New York."

But Representative Marcantonio was opposing the wishes of Mayor LaGuardia, his former friend and law partner. The mayor dislikes demonstrations. His appointees have appropriated the power to grant or withhold permits to parade, to assemble, to exercise the right of free speech.

LaGuardia's machine refused W.P.A. workers permission to march through the streets of New York. When Marcantonio attempted to lead workers to W.P.A. headquarters, LaGuardia's police charged, beating the crowd, beating the Congressman who had the temerity to lead his constituents in the fight for bread. Twelve were arrested. "An undetermined number of marchers were clubbed," reports The New York Post. "Women's clothing was torn, men fell to the icy pavements."

In France, fascist bands beat Deputy Blum for his advocacy of world peace and the Franco-Soviet Pact. In America, terror is exercised not alone by vigilantes, but by the police. After all, fascism is not so "foreign" to certain classes in America. Mayor LaGuardia, for one, has taught his police the duties of storm troopers.

If they beat up a Congressman for exercising his right of free speech, who is safe? As Sam Hoffenstein once remarked:

> If that's what happens to God's elect,
> What the hell can you expect?

Eight Prisoners

JUSTICE has been dominated in California—perhaps more openly than in any other state—by big business and the banks. And when this powerful minority last year demanded that workers charged with criminal syndicalism be imprisoned, the court selected the eight organizers who were most effective in organizing agricultural workers in the rich San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys; it sentenced them to from one to fourteen years. The prosecution had not proved (even to the satisfaction of the hand-picked jury) the charge of criminal syndicalism; but eight young men and women were pronounced guilty of the fantastic "crime" of "conspiring to enter a conspiracy."

The minimum sentence expires on February 27. The parole board composed of Fred C. Sykes, Kohl Building, San Francisco; Joseph H. Stephens, president of the Merchants National Bank of Sacramento; and David F. Bush of Oakdale has the power to release the eight victims of big business backed by the vigilantes.

Along with other labor organizations, the San Francisco Labor Council unanimously passed a resolution calling on the parole board to exercise this power. Its action is supported by the California Conference for Repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act and by a United Front of liberals, professionals, students, teachers, middle-class and working-class groups.

THE NEW MASSES, which has described the persecution of these eight young men and women, which carried full accounts of the vicious trial at which they were openly railroaded to jail, urges its readers and all defenders of civil liberties to write to the parole board and to Governor Merriam of California demanding the immediate release of the eight victims, so that they can return to active life in the labor movement.

Arms and Neutrality

THE forces making for war were discussed at a recent NEW MASSES Forum by Senator Nye, Chairman of the Senate Munitions Committee; Representative McSwain, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee; and Joseph Freeman, one of our editors.

At that time, Mr. McSwain opposed war on principles of sentiment. War, he explained, was a dreadful thing, due partly to the vagaries of human nature and partly to the mysterious way of Providence.

But since pious politicians are always anxious to assist Providence in its administration of the universe, Mr. McSwain rushed back to his job in Washington. That job was to pilot through the House the biggest peacetime army appropriation in our history.

The House of Representatives appropriated for strictly military purposes $376,888,333, a considerable increase over the military expenditures of the current fiscal year. The increase was chiefly for harbor defense on the Pacific Coast, in Hawaii, in the Panama Canal. The bill also provides for the construction of 565 additional army airplanes.

To this Congress will no doubt add the $567,872,400 naval expenditures for which President Roosevelt asked in his budget—bringing the total for national defense in 1936-37 to $944,000,000.

In defense of these enormous military and naval expenditures, General Malin Craig, chief of staff of the army, said:

"It is perfectly evident to every one that troubluous times have again arrived in the world. A state of war exists in Africa; Asia is resounding to the tramp of marching men."

The general might also have referred to the preparations for war against the Soviet Union openly made by Japan and Germany. And to General Smedley Butler's frank statement that the United States is preparing for an *offensive* war. The presence of the fleet in Pacific waters and the emphasis of the new military appropriations on defenses in the Pacific would seem to indicate that America's preparations are against a Far Eastern power near the Philippines.

The rapid arming of the United States throws an ironic light on the new neutrality bill passed by the House to replace the law expiring February 29. The changes in Washington's neutrality policy do not alter the fact that the same Congress which can pass a neutrality law can, when the interests of American capital require it, rescind that policy as Wilson did.

Words by Riegger

JAMES ONEAL is worried about Soviet culture, as every steady reader of his weekly, The New Leader, knows. But a pang of pain must have fallen across Oneal's Old Guard Socialist heart when he read Denny's New York Times dispatch of Feb. 15, recounting the opposition to the music of the young Soviet composer Shostakovich. With a tear in one eye and a publicity scheme in the other, Oneal called in his secretary and started to dictate letters. He sent the following one to Wallingford Riegger, who is known to NEW MASSES readers as one of the most interesting and important American composers.

> Dear Comrade Riegger:
>
> I enclose herewith a clipping from The New York Times, Feb. 15, on the latest reaction to "leftism" in music in the Soviet Union.

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No doubt this will interest you as a composer and a Socialist. Would it be possible to send us your opinion on this matter in the form of an article of about the same length as Mr. Denny's dispatch. Should you favor us with a story we would appreciate it if you would send us a photograph of yourself suitable for newspaper reproduction.

Thanks in advance for your kindness and cooperation.

Fraternally yours,
James Oneal.

Mr. Riegger was kind enough to send us a copy of his answer to Mr. Oneal's generous invitation. The fact that Riegger's own compositions are by no means opposed to the general spirit of Shostakovich's work adds pertinence to the reasoning in his reply.

Dear Comrade Oneal:

Your favor of Feb. 15, at hand, with "Times" clipping.

I had already seen Denny's article, but somewhat discounted its accuracy, knowing the author's anti-Soviet bias. However, even if true I am convinced that, as in the past, there will be a healthy play of dialectical forces towards an adjustment.

It should be obvious to us who believe in the principles of Socialism that the vital thing is to fight against all the encroachments of fascism, which as we know spells death to all artistic development.

I would therefore urge the adoption of the United Front with the Communists, the achievement of which I as an artist consider desperately necessary. The enclosed clipping from today's Times proves the efficacy of these tactics in France, which but for the "Front Populaire" would today doubtless be under the iron heel of fascism.

Fraternally yours,
Wallingford Riegger.

Nazi Olympics

IN the best of circumstances the myth of democracy and tolerance in sports is the arch-legend of the pyramid of lies upon which American sports are based. But just as politics has its presidential year when the tone of demagogy hits high C, so sports has its Olympic open season.

At the conclusion of the Nazi Winter Olympics, only a Brundage, a Goebbels or a Munchausen could find the "promotion of international goodwill, tolerance of race and creed, mutual respect, understanding and cooperation" among the fruits of the icy fiesta. Scarcely one event went off smoothly, recriminations were plentiful, skulduggery was the key to all the rules and only the shortness of time prevented the formation of international alliances which might have led to open war. Dissemination of propaganda was at its peak. Between races der Fuehrer announced a new wave of pogroms.

The battle against the American participation in the Olympics next summer continues. The boycott of the Olympic funds is gathering headway. If Hitler wants an American team, he is to pay a good fraction of the bills. The boycott of the Nazi Olympics voted by the Artists and Writers Congresses gives a deathblow to one phase of the Games which was already tottering, the cultural Olympics. Regardless of the outcome of the struggle to keep America out of the Nazi Olympics and to free the A.A.U. from Nazi domination, the sports movements among the workers in this country and abroad goes forward immeasurably strengthened by the alliances it has made in the course of the fight. The issue is the survival of the spirit of sport itself and the response arises from the instinct toward health.

Death of a Child

EVERY foulness bred by a commercial society has wriggled to the surface of the Lindbergh kidnapping case and the end is not yet.

Has Governor Hoffmann of New Jersey granted a reprieve to Hauptmann because he believes there is some new and undivulged evidence? Many people, including influential members of the Governor's grand old Republican Party, have a serious doubt. They think their buddy is slyly fishing in filthy waters to help his private ambition to be the nominee for the office of Vice-President.

The famous old Bronx clown, Jafsie, who handed the ransom money to the kidnapper, has also been cashing in on the death of a child. In Liberty, a magazine noted for its pornographic stories, fascist editorials and cheap crime thrillers, Jafsie has been telling all, via one of Bernard Macfadden's ghost-writers. There has been three instalments of the lurid tale and each one ends with Jafsie's mysterious promise to uncover new evidence in next week's instalment (price five cents).

The famous criminal lawyer and Democratic candidate for office, Sam Leibowitz, has also found a way into the mud-puddle as defense counsel. He is in the case to see that only "pure justice" is done.

And the end is not yet. There may even be a re-trial, furnishing a harvest for hot-dog peddlers, yellow newspapers, sobsisters, confidence men, society women and all the other racketeers.

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EDITOR:
JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, RUSSELL T. LIMBACH, BRUCE MINTON, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER
Contributing Editors: GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, LOREN MILLER

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1936, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be printed without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. THE NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers in prose and verse, and of artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. THE NEW MASSES pays for contributions.

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Paris Defends Léon Blum

RAOUL DAMIENS

PARIS, Feb., 17.

I HAVE just returned from 25 Quai de Bourbon, which is the home of Léon Blum, the Socialist leader who was recently attacked by Royalist-Fascist thugs.

The Blum apartment is on the first floor; and in the reception hall Madame Blum and two secretaries were sorting masses of telegrams. These had come from every corner of France and every country in the world, and expressed the universal indignation that has been aroused by the attempted assassination. Léon Blum was felicitated on his narrow escape from murder by men who spoke for every political party except the extreme Right. The secretaries also arranged stacks of clippings from the world press, all of those denouncing the dastardly crime against Blum.

The Socialist leader himself, his head bandaged, pale, serene and smiling, bore his wounds with dignity. The doctors reported that he had rested comfortably the night before. Blum, though able to speak, has chosen to be silent about the attempt on his life. He has made no formal statement even to his own Socialist newspaper, Populaire. The doctors say his temperature is normal and they discount the possibility of any complication, though Blum is past sixty. His weakness, they say, is due to loss of blood and after-effects of nervous shock.

Yet if Léon Blum is alive, and there is certain hope for his recovery, it is no fault of the Royalist bullies who attacked him. Murder was unmistakably their object. Nothing better demonstrates the complete and desperate demoralization of fascism in France than the stupidity and cowardice of their crime.

The Socialist leader was seated in the automobile of his friend, Deputy Monnet. Madame Monnet was the third member of the party. They were returning home from the regular sessions of the Chamber of Deputies. Their car was quietly crossing the Boulevard St. Germain when it was halted, like hundreds of other cars, by a traffic jam caused by the funeral procession of the Royalist author, Jacques Bainville.

Nobody would ever believe that a man of the age and dignity of Léon Blum would have been tempted to provocation at such a moment. Hundreds of witnesses and most of the newspaper reporters were unanimous in their statement that Léon Blum was attacked suddenly by hundreds of young toughs who left the funeral parade and swarmed around his car.

A few had recognized him, and they led the others into immediate action. They broke the windows of the car, smashed at his gray head with their fascist blackjacks. When Madame Monnet tried to protect the Socialist leader with her own body, they dragged both her and Léon Blum to the sidewalk. Here the young fascist heroes kicked and pummelled the prostrate bodies of the helpless couple.

Some building workers in overalls, at work nearby, ran up and fought to protect the man and woman. Two policemen ran up and helped effect a rescue. Such is the picture Paris newspapers the next morning gave of the chivalry of the noble Royalist youth whose patron-saint is Joan of Arc. It was a low, brutal crime, and yet one must characterize it as being even more stupid than it was dastardly.

For whether it proved a successful or abortive assassination, its only possible result could have been to arouse a universal detestation of royalists and fascists, and this is actually what has happened. Not one newspaper, not even the most reactionary ones which are not openly fascist, failed to identify and chastise the Royalist Camelots as the assaulters, or to demand an end to the general disorder and insecurity they are causing in France. The entire press is contemptuous of the lame alibi offered by the leaders who form the royalist Action Française. And a government decree, based on the law of January 10, 1936, orders the dissolution of the three Royalist leagues and forbids their reconstitution under any other alias. Charles Maurras, the fiery dotard and provocateur who is editor of the Royalist journal, has been charged with incitement to murder and complicity in condoning assassination. Three young royalists were photographed in the act of bludgeoning Léon Blum by a movie camera. They have been imprisoned and other arrests are expected.

Indignation in France approached a climax when the police, searching the premises of Action Française, discovered Léon Blum's hat proudly displayed in the trophy room. Documents were also discovered implicating officials in the French Ministry of the Interior, who have been secretly conveying state information to the Royalists.

The public indignation actually reached its climax yesterday in a parade in Paris, with nearly a million marchers, who cheered the name of Léon Blum, and who demonstrated that the vast undecided vote in Paris is swinging to the People's Front.

Unmindful of the discoveries made by the police in their quarters and the movie camera evidence against them, the Royalists at first attempted some clumsy lying. They justified the attack on Léon Blum by claiming that he had tried to force his car through the solemn funeral procession for Bainville, and that this had aroused the populace, who "reacted instinctively." Léon Blum, they said, was merely scratched in the scuffle, and had been saved from a worse fate, and even death, by a group of chivalrous young Royalists. The unparalleled impudence of their alibi proved as useless as it was fatuous, when the police magistrate confronted them with Léon Blum's hat and the movie film made at the scene. The Royalist chiefs were stricken dumb by this evidence, but on recovering their powers of speech, they still asserted that it had been no premeditated attack. But here again they struck another snag. Courtois, who had arrested one of the royalist bullies, cross-questioned him in the police station. At first the young fascist denied his royalist affiliations; but later he admitted that the assault on Blum had been ordered by his squad leader. His testimony indicates that though it is possible no assassination had been planned beforehand, it actually was improvised in concert on the spot.

Characteristically, the royalist leaders after years of stirring their witless followers to violence, now deserted them when the whole gang had been trapped. Unluckily for the leaders, however, they had printed the facts of their blood-lust in their newspapers. For thirty years Charles Maurras had clamored in his paper that all working-class leaders should be assassinated—not symbolically, but literally. Other royalist leaders crammed The Action Française with invitations to murder. Maurras is probably the guiltiest of them all. It was he, in 1914, on the verge of war, who publicly demanded that twelve bullets be shot into Jean Jaurès, the great Socialist leader who actually met his death at the hands of an assassin. Recently this same lunatic of a Maurras shrieked that the 140 French Deputies (congressmen) who were pro-League and anti-Mussolini, be killed in the same manner. "Use automatics, revolvers, kitchen knives!" this vile old man shrieked in his paper. Later, on April 9 he wrote: "Léon Blum deserves shooting, but from behind." Again he said, "Imprison Blum and Cachin!"

AGAIN and again these reactionaries cried out in their press: "Imprison Blum and Cachin! They should be shot!"

Inevitably the day came when wretches poisoned by this sanguinary literature converted words into deeds. Then the leaders who inspired the assassins repudiated them. These are the tactics of Hitler and Mussolini, of the fascists everywhere. Wherever types like Maurras and La Rocque have seized power it has been through crime and assassination. The Nazis, blackshirts, Camelots, Crosses of Fire and Fire-eaters are the same

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brigand breed subsidized by the capitalist class to destroy the militants of the working-class and the democracy.

The People's Front, by pooling all the healthy energies of the French masses, has forced the fascists to retreat. It is now clear why the Communists were right in demanding the dissolution of all fascist leagues, which, regardless of their shirts, are alike.

Roused to indignation by the murderous attack on Léon Blum, the workers responded to the call of the People's Front for a mass demonstration in the streets of Paris on Sunday.

I witnessed that parade. It was the most inspiring demonstration in recent French history, more impressive than that of July 14.

At the initiative of the Communists, 850,000 men, women and children gathered—on only forty-eight hours' notice—in the streets and squares of the capital. All the parties of the Left were represented.

In that vast parade I saw the scientists Rivet and Langevin, the famous lawyer Moro-Giafferri, who defended Dimitrov and Thaelmann; former Premier Daladier; Left leaders like Cachin, Thorez, Faure and Piot. Writers like Guéhenno, Chamson and Viollis marched for five hours side by side with shop-keepers, laborers, housewives, war-veterans and schoolboys. The air of Paris shook with old revolutionary songs like the *Marseillaise,* the *Carmagnole* and *Ca Ira,* and with the *Internationale* of the proletarian revolution. The dense mass shouted slogans in thunderous unison:

"Dissolve the Fascist Leagues! Soviets everywhere! Down with war! Down with the fascist assassins!"

The demonstrators were grouped along regional and not along party lines. There was no disturbance. Feeble reactionary provocations were quickly overwhelmed by the cheerful, dignified and disciplined masses.

The weather was mild, sunny, springlike, and even sections of the almighty police showed sympathy with the People's Front. Looking for a short cut through the demonstration, I showed a policeman my NEW MASSES press card.

"American United Front?" he whispered to me in English. "Hein, I've been there. Pass. I'm with you!"

Symbolically, the demonstration started from the Pantheon, cut across the Latin Quarter, through the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, past the Bastille, along the Faubourg St. Antoine, replete with traditions of 1789, and disbanded at the Place de la Nation.

From behind curtained casements, high-nosed royalist ladies frowned at the sacrilege of workers from Belleville and Menilmontant, the Red suburbs, invading precincts which until Sunday were fortresses of the fascist student bands.

The people of Paris, out almost a million strong, were resolute and self-assured masters of the capital. At the same time, similar demonstrations were taking place in Marseilles, Toulon, Bordeaux, St. Brieux, Tours and others cities.

If ever the election was doubtful, the abortive attempt to assassinate Léon Blum assures the defeat of the reaction.

Gov. Landon Gets a Haircut

DEWITT GILPIN

TOPEKA.

Governor Landon is a doer of things—William Randolph Hearst.

DOWN in Fort Scott, Kansas, vigilantes were using tear gas and clubs on the striking W.P.A. workers.

"Say," drawled a lean striker to me after the excitement was over, "if you're going up to see Alf Landon be sure and notice if the capitol building still stinks."

"Stinks?" I replied, puzzled.

"Sure," he explained, giving me a wise wink. "Everybody down here says the place smells like a sewer since Hearst was there."

In the capital city, vigilantes no longer worried me but it was necessary to keep on the look-out for Catholic prelates and the G-men. The prelates were organizing the corruption of school children when I arrived. An entire convention of kids had just been doped into adopting resolutions to "combat Communism by mental prayer, self-sacrifice and faith in the leadership of bishops."

Along with this, Kansas papers had reported that Edgar Hoover's ace dicks were slinking around the city because "Communist agents have established contact in Topeka and Kansas and are fomenting discontent." Under such conditions any stranger without baggage was almost certain to be mistaken for a—quoting again from the press—"Communist agent trying to gain a foothold in Kansas."

Alf Landon acted glad to see me, and we shook hands. He explained that he needed a haircut and, being a great hand for informality, he sent for a barber to cut his hair while we talked. The barber moved us into the conference room and sat Landon down in front of the painting of the pioneers. The governor, sitting in front of me with a barber's sheet around him, didn't look much like a pioneer.

Governor Landon, however, knew about THE NEW MASSES. He was personally acquainted with a man they often wrote about—Norman Thomas.

"A scholar and a gentleman," he said of Thomas, "and you can quote me as saying that! Of course I don't agree with his basic principles but it would be foolish to say that I disagree with everything he advocates." The Governor looked thoughtful for a moment. "Some of his points have already been adopted," he explained.

Perhaps the question of civil liberties was one of the points of disagreement, I suggested. Had the Governor noticed the growing tendency for a united front of reactionaries aiming to suppress all civil rights?

"Yes," he replied, "I have noticed that tendency and deplore it."

This seemed inconsistent. A "dark horse" that Hearst was trying to ride into the White House could hardly be sincere about deploring reaction. But the Governor cleared up that point.

He was wearing no man's collar, he said. He was a "dark horse" not yet broke to the saddle and likely to do anything once he landed in Washington.

The Kansas people are not so sure of this. Many of them feel that the Landon-Hearst merger is just the case of a crooked city slicker picking up a country boy to use him. Any man who accepts Hearst's support is expected to take orders—orders that lead to fascism. I said this to Governor Landon.

"I get you," he assured me. "I get you."

The Landon boomlet didn't amount to a hill of beans until Hearst came to Topeka to look "horse-sense" Alf over. Landon's theory—"the greatest reform we can have is recovery" and when in doubt "balance the budget"—captivated Willie.

I reminded the Governor that Professor Beard once labeled Hearst as the man "no decent person would touch with a ten-foot pole," and asked him what he thought of the publicity Hearst was giving him.

"I call it darn good publicity!"

Those were strange words from a man who considers himself a progressive "liberal."

"Well, isn't it a fact," he asked, "that liberals and conservatives are getting together to protect our liberties? Have we ever had a government that suppressed them more than the present one?"

Any "getting together" which included Hearst didn't sound exactly healthy—particularly for the workers and farmers.

"Well," argued Landon, "I've been studying quite a bit about the question. I just finished reading a book that might give you some idea of what I mean. It's called, *The Gay Reformer*—have you read it?"

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A Governor named Talmadge recently held a convention that aimed to save American liberties. One of the convention's planks seems to have been bigger and better lynchings. Landon claims to be a friend of the Negro people but he didn't have much to say when I asked his opinion of Talmadge's "liberty-loving" gang.

"I haven't any opinion," he said simply.

Taxes, of course, are a form of suppression. Landon feels that the country "needs desperately a cheaper, simpler and more responsible relief administration" whose cost should be paid "by a tax on society." But any tax which socks the poor and lets Big Business free to feather its nest is hardly in keeping with the American tradition.

"I agree," admitted Landon, "such a tax isn't equality."

He seemed to feel that the rich should be socked "according to their ability to pay" but his ideas on the subject were hardly definite. On the farm question he was also vague. The Governor learned about farming clipping coupons off his dad's oil stock and the farm problem is giving him a lot of trouble.

The Kansas people have suffered greatly during the past few years and many of them feel that it is partly Landon's fault. The dust storms last summer finished bankrupting the poor farmers and many of them are living on home-baked bread and potatoes. They are no longer free and independent people and over 40 percent of them have been forced off their land and are trying to make a living as share-croppers. Relief conditions are so bad that on six occasions relief workers have taken over county courthouses and held them until they were given wage increases. In the southern part of the state the mines are playing out and hundreds of miners are fighting to keep their families alive. Landon helped them out last summer by sending troops in to break their strike. Some of the soldiers were kind-hearted men and always drew double rations at mealtime so they could feed the hungry little kids that hung around the encampment. About all Landon has ever done for the miners, the farmers and the workers is to tell them to sit tight and have faith.

Large numbers of Kansans are fighting mad about such treatment. They are enraged at the Landon-Hearst alliance and see in it an attempt at further suppression and exploitation. But the Governor isn't alarmed.

"It's good for the masses to make them mad," he explained. "It makes 'em do things!"

Perhaps he is really a liberal after all and has just lined up with Hearst in order to make the Kansans so all-fired mad they will rise in fury and take back their state. This is a funny way to serve the revolution but it's about what you could expect from a man who says: "What this nation needs is better housekeeping!"

The barber had finished the haircut by now and finally got to say something.

"How's zat?" he asked.

The barber takes a special pride in his work since that writer for The Nation decided that Landon's rather seedy-looking head "would delight a sculptor."

Landon said the haircut was "O.K." without even looking; his newly-described honors apparently rest easily on his shoulders. It was time to go and the Governor acted sorry to see me leave. He wasn't sure that he had explained the Hearst business and there was still the question about the liberal-conservative united front.

"I like to talk to people who don't agree with me," he explained. "I've got too many people that agree with me around here as it is."

Governors, you see, have their troubles too. I left the capital and hurried to the bus station, keeping a weather eye peeled for the G-men but not worrying much about the Catholic school kids. Inside the station I read in a newspaper that the school kids had decided to combat Communism in Kansas "through acts of mercy." This would relieve the "suffering among classes that are poorest, who are for that reason more susceptible to the teachings of Moscow agents."

That W.P.A. striker was right. Topeka, Kansas, still smells like Hearst. So does Alf Landon and even his best friends won't tell him.

The Battle for Art

JOSEPH FREEMAN

"THIS is the most wonderful experience of my life," a painter said to me in the lobby of the New School for Social Research where the American Artists' Congress was meeting.

I have known this man for years. He is very gifted, he has been very successful. Money and fame have been his; he was always welcome in the best museums and drawing rooms. And, like nearly all those who flourished in the pre-depression arts, he lived in a rarefied atmosphere of self-centered sensation and applause.

In the past five years I have watched this man losing first his market, then his public, then his faith in all the ideals which had once sustained him. He felt the impact of the profound crisis which has overwhelmed contemporary society and he began to question everything, including himself and his work. For the first time since the war, he began to take a passionate interest in the events of the day—hitherto supposed to be none of the artist's business. Above all, he began to seek a new understanding of his own place in society.

And now he had found the most wonderful experience in his life. He had found that he was not alone. There were at least 399 of America's leading artists who felt as he felt, and hundreds of others ready to join them.

For the first time, artists had met in a nationwide organization above esthetic groupings. They were ready to act together for the solution of their own problems. And out of these problems they had seen their true relation to the rest of the world.

Here, the young modernist and the old academician, the abstractionist and the revolutionary cartoonist joined hands in an identical cause, for common work.

This united not only each artist with his fellow craftsmen, but united all the artists with the millions who are struggling for the defense and advancement of culture.

Nobody was more surprised at the extraordinary success of the American Artists' Congress, which met in New York City this week, than the artists themselves. All too modestly, they assumed that painters could not speak, write or organize. Yet the congress itself was in many ways an advance over last year's congress of writers, itself a real landmark in American culture.

Thanks to secretary Stuart Davis and his collaborators, the organization was remarkably smooth; thanks to the awakening of the artists, the papers and discussions were on a high, mature level. Painters who had for years considered themselves inarticulate, spoke up from the floor with passion, logic and fluency. Various groups of artists have been doing this for the past five years.

What gave this week's congress special significance was that it transcended the various groups by including all of them.

The four hundred delegates from every part of the United States who attended the sessions were truly representative of American art. They were among the best known and the most competent men and women in their field, and they came from every existing esthetic school.

Active in the congress were artists as diverse as George Biddle and Peter Blume, Adolph Dehn and Aaron Douglas, William Gropper and Paul Manship, Lynd Ward and Max Weber, Gilbert Wilson and Ernest Fiene, H. Glintenkamp and Arnold Blanch, Rockwell Kent and Paul Strand.

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"MODERN TIMES"

Russell T. Limbach

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The call for the congress was addressed to all artists of recognized standing in their profession "who are aware of the critical conditions existing in world culture in general, and in the field of the arts in particular." The central aim was collective discussion, planning and action for the preservation and development of culture. The artists emphasized that the very existence of culture is endangered by the prevailing economic crisis, by the growth of fascism, by the preparations for war.

The artists, relating their own experiences to the general growth of reaction in the United States, could only conclude that they must act collectively to defend their interests as artists and to defend culture as a whole. Convinced that isolated action is ineffective, the artists also resolved to ally themselves with all groups engaged in the common struggle against war and fascism.

But once the artist stepped out of his studio into the public arena, he was transformed as an individual. The shy painter became a vigorous tribune. The artists who filled Town Hall Friday evening, when the congress opened with a public session, were vibrant with enthusiasm and purpose; in the carriage and voices of the speakers there was courage and responsibility.

Lewis Mumford, in the chair, said the congress was unique in the history of American art. Stuart Davis pointed out that the period of economic depression has challenged all psychological and esthetic certainties which had once given force and direction to the artists' work.

Mr. Davis set the tone for the evening by emphasizing that fascism and war are of necessity inimical to culture. If the artists are to be serious, he said, "we can attack even the most highly specialized problems that confront us only in relation to our main objective, which is to build a bulwark for the defense of intellectual freedom, for economic security."

Rockwell Kent criticized the prevailing social order by ironical contrast with Greenland, whose natives, he said, refused to believe that in America men are permitted to starve while the necessities of living are destroyed. Joe Jones described the repression of art in the United States with numerous instances of censorship and destruction; and Margaret Bourke-White told of the encouragement of the artist in the Soviet Union.

One of the most moving addresses of the evening was made by Aaron Douglas, who spoke on the Negro in American culture. Mr. Douglas pointed out that until recently the Negro's role in art was solely that of a distorted spectacle. Revolutionary art, alone, has treated the Negro seriously, if not always profoundly. The real potentialities of the Negro in art, he concluded, will emerge only when the Negro has freed himself from social discrimination and segregation.

Racial discrimination was discussed by George Biddle, President of The Mural Painters, who proposed a resolution that American artists refuse to participate in any art exhibition connected with the Olympic games sponsored by the Nazi regime.

> As realistic American artists we protest against participation with a government which sponsors racial discrimination, the censorship of free speech and free expression, and the glorification of war, hatred and sadism.

The audience passed this resolution by unanimous acclaim. The artists' opposition to war and fascism was then further developed by the sculptor Paul Manship and the painter Peter Blume.

When Jose Clemente Orozco took the platform for a brief greeting from the painters of his country, the audience spontaneously rose in ovation, a stirring tribute to the greatest of living craftsmen. The appearance of Art Young, too, aroused deep emotion; and Heywood Broun wound up this extraordinary gathering by a brilliant and passionate appeal for feeling in art as against the taste of millionaire patrons; for the trade-union organization of artists; for art rooted in the lives of the millions who make up American labor.

FOR the next two days—all of Saturday, February 15 and all of Sunday, February 16—the four hundred artists who made up the congress met in four executive sessions at the New School for Social Research.

Here the papers and the discussions centered on the specific problems of the American artist, principally how he can obtain outlets for his work. This involved the problem of audience, and the artistic language which would make works of art accessible to the greatest possible number of people. The great variety of esthetic tendencies represented in the congress did not prevent the artists from uniting on their common fundamental problems. They all agreed that they would not permit their art to be employed for the propagation of fascism and war; and in insisting upon the rental policy they repudiated the building up of the museums at the expense of the artist.

The major theme was developed at the first session by Meyer Schapiro of Columbia University, who spoke on the social basis of art; by Lynd Ward, the woodcut artist, who spoke on race, nationality and art; and by Jerome Klein, the critic, who spoke on the artist and his audience.

Existing outlets for the artist, the speakers showed, do not favor the development of a free art. The prevailing social system exerts constant pressure on the artist to produce a luxury art corresponding to the needs of the parasitic classes. Mr. Schapiro pointed out that the leisure class which dominates the art market sets up purposelessness in art as a special value equivalent to its own conspicuous consumption.

Along similar lines, Jerome Klein demonstrated that speculation in works of art militates against the recognition and support of the artist in his own lifetime. Frustrated while he is still alive by museums and patrons who treat art merely as a long-term investment, the artist paints for post-mortem recognition and of necessity paints canvasses divorced from contemporary reality. Mr. Klein, however, noted a strong and definite movement in American art toward expressing the aspirations of the unprivileged masses. This social-critical art reaches a large, new audience which changes art itself into an effective social instrument.

Gilbert Wilson illustrated the meaning of the new social art from his own experience. His murals were attacked by the American Legion of Terre Haute, which mistook a quotation from the Declaration of Independence for a quotation from Eugene Debs.

In a brilliant satirical paper describing the life of the artist in the prevailing social order, Max Weber said:

> Regardless of what talents or gifts we were favored with by the gods, in order to obtain a hearing and a return commensurate with our creative gifts, we must live in slums, lose our reason, cut off our ears and noses, and finally commit suicide if we hope for a considerable audience a half-century after our flight from this planet.

It was Mr. Weber's opinion that the question of subject matter, as influenced by the new social consciousness, will be solved soonest and best "through closer ties between artists and the steadily-growing class-conscious proletarian audience." The new art, he said, would reveal the poetry and power and potential beauty inherent in the great toiling awakening masses.

It is impossible in this space to describe all the papers read at the congress. Dealing with the most diverse problems of the artist's craft and his economic status, every one of them was on high mature level. The experience of the studio and the artists' trade union, of the P.W.A. picket line and the museum, of the art colony and the popular magazine were collated and discussed by experts in each field and by the congress as a whole, until there emerged the most complete picture yet given of art in the United States today. To this was added the experience of Mexico, brought by Orozco and Siqueiros; the experience of Cuba and Peru, brought by especially accredited delegates; and the experience of Germany and Italy on the one hand and the Soviet Union on the other.

Two leading American artists who had originally refrained from joining sat through the sessions and testified to the effectiveness of the new organization by applying for membership. The four hundred delegates voted to establish a permanent League of American artists, and elected an executive committee of thirty-five for that purpose.

There was every evidence that the most progressive forces in American art have entered upon a course that will at once invigorate art and all that is best in contemporary society.

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A Pinch of Salt

A First-Hand Report from the Carpathian-Russ

JOHN L. SPIVAK

PARIS.

THE Carpathian-Russ in the easternmost section of Czechoslovakia is only a few hours' train ride from Vienna or Budapest. When you reach this garden spot of beauty nestling between the Polish Ukraine, Rumania and Hungary and wander from Uzhorod, its chief city, through the villages at the feet of the towering Carpathian mountains you are struck by the appearance of the men. Wherever you go, you see them in their sheepskin coats looking like great bears, huge goiters hanging from their necks. Sometimes you meet them on the road, ropes around their powerful chests, pulling ancient wagons, for very few peasants have beasts of burden. Tax collectors have seized and sold everything they owned.

My translator and I had been jogging along in a broken wagon toward the village of Lukova when we saw an old peasant in the distance. He looked up as we approached and the driver shouted a hearty greeting, adding a little proudly, I thought, that he had an American who had come to see how the people lived. The peasant smiled and I immediately forgot the dirt and the greasy hair and the yellow, ground-down teeth. The whole face seemed to radiate kindliness, an extraordinary combination of shrewdness and sadness.

"You can see how we live," he said, motioning with his hand to his hut. "Only by the love of God are we still alive, for there is a great hunger in the land."

We sat in his one-room hut near the fire enclosed by field stones over which they bake their bread and while he spat through his beard upon the hard earth that was the floor he told me how he lived and what was happening and in the course of it I heard the story of Stefan, "a strong man with only a small swelling on his neck instead of a big one, and a good neighbor who sat with the sick when they were in need, being even more tender than a woman."

Stefan had lived down the road tending land owned by some big lord whose name he did not even know, for he dealt with an overseer. The hut where he lived was very old and the roof sagged so that often, when he was in good humor and did not have to worry about his hunger so much, his neighbors would see him come out, beat his chest with his strong arms and fill his lungs with the air that always smells of the great forests; then he would call out gaily to his neighbors that he thought that since there was no work to be had, he would devote this day to "holding up the roof, for it leaned over the doorway like an old man carrying a great load of wood."

His wife who had borne him three children, developed a goiter that was as big as a melon and died. Almost the only visitors he had were the Communist agitators. But they did not come to visit him because he was lonely; they came to persuade him to vote for Communist deputies for Parliament and to take part in gatherings to demand that the government feed them.

"They told him of the great land about a two days' ride by horse from the border of Czechoslovakia. There, they said, the peasants owned everything and had enough to eat and the land is so big that it ends on the other side of the world where the people do not even look like us, for their eyes go up into their foreheads."

Stefan was told of the boundaries of this land where the peasants and workers owned everything and that right near the Russian border the Communists were very badly treated; that was in Poland which was across the road from Russia. But in Czechoslovakia Communists had meetings and talked a great deal. When you cross a border you are in a new and entirely different land; that is why in one land the people own everything and in another they just talk and in still another land they are arrested and beaten for talking. The borders between the lands marked the difference. Since the differences were so sharp Stefan came to the conclusion that a border was a high wall with gates through which you passed when you entered the new and different country. Many times he and his neighbors sat around wondering how much it would cost to build the high walls, but once Stefan was not far from the border and he walked to the Czechoslovakian-Polish frontier, looking for the wall.

"There is no wall," he told his neighbors when he came back. "There is not even a line to show which is Czechoslovakia and which is Poland!"

The Czech soldiers told him that where he stood was Czechoslovakia, but if he took one step to the north he would be in Poland where there is a different language, different customs, different tax collectors, different soldiers and Stefan stood there and listened for a long time and said, "But it is exactly the same land and why everything should be different I do not know. The Poles are dressed like me and they have big swellings on their necks, too!"

The guards tried to explain why one was one land and the other another land, but apparently they did not understand it too well either, for Stefan could not understand why, if the land was the same and the people the same why everything should be different and finally he spat and said, "I think this is all very foolish," and went back home.

WHEN he returned he asked the Communists if Russia had borders, too, and told them what he thought of it and the Communists laughed and agreed that it was very foolish. They explained that if he were a Communist and everybody else were Communists there would be no borders like that and there would be no hunger as there is in the Carpathian-Russ for there was enough food all over the world to feed everybody living and the only reason everybody was not eating is that people wanted to make a profit from the food. It was all very complicated, but Stefan listened patiently and thought it was a good idea that there would be no great hunger for some while others had too much food, and yet would not give it.

"But it cannot be done today, can it?" he would ask, looking into the faces of the Communists.

"It could if everybody were Communists," they told him.

"But everybody isn't, are they?" he would say, shaking his head and scratching himself.

"No, that's why we are trying to explain things to the people to make them Communists."

"Then it is a dream," Stefan concluded. "A good dream, but it cannot be done, for is not everybody selfish?"

"But the dream has come true in the vast land whose borders are only a little way from here."

"Yes," Stefan would say, "it has been done; and maybe it can be done, but I will have fed the worms long before. Tomorrow maybe it will be wonderful and everybody will eat, but today—" and he used to sigh and shake his head.

So when it came time to vote, Stefan voted for the Agrarian Party instead of for the Communists.

"The Agrarian Party has the government, has it not?" he explained. "But the Communists have no government, so what can they do for me if they do not have the government?"

Many peasants voted for the Agrarian Party; it offered something immediate, while the Communists offered a dream of tomor-

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row. The biggest drawing card the Agrarians offered was the long promised land reformation. For years peasants had been told that the great estates seized from the defeated countries would be divided among them. Those without land would be given a plot of ground for themselves instead of having to work for a lord on a share-cropper basis, getting one-fourth of the harvest. Stefan particularly was happy at the prospect of becoming a landowner and when, before the last election, Agrarian speakers came and hired him and his neighbors to go into the woods to survey the land so each would know which was his when the division was effected he had been very happy. With his own axe he marked trees to show the boundaries of his hectare and a half which the Agrarians promised would be his as soon as they were elected.

The Communists asked if he did not remember that preceding the last election the Agrarians had done precisely the same thing, yet the land was not divided. It was true, what the Communists said, and Stefan had asked about it. The Agrarian speaker had told him that the Agrarians were willing enough; everything was ready for it and the prints showing which was his and which was another's land were now at the Ministry of Agriculture and that the Agrarian deputies in Parliament had demanded that the land be divided; but the deputies of the Czech Catholic Party and the Czech National and Social Party and all the other parties had opposed it. That was why they were now trying to get everybody to vote Agrarian so there'd be no opposition.

Stefan was a little bitter against all these parties which opposed the land reformation, but since he had struck a somewhat sharp bargain because of this very opposition, he was willing to overlook it. He had pretended to doubt whether the Agrarians really planned to divide the land since they had failed to do it before, but intimated that if the surveyor would give him a few meters more than the promised hectare and a half he might — and the surveyor had winked and said that if he didn't tell the others it could be arranged. When Stefan told his neighbors of the bargain he had made, everybody envied him for his shrewdness.

There is something about the land with its slow, unhurried growth of the means of life that develops patience in those who live on it and Stefan waited patiently. Great things like dividing the land are not done in a moment. But while he waited with the patience of the earth itself, there was the immediate problem of eating and all he or the others about him had were potatoes.

"You get tired of eating potatoes all the time," the peasant said slowly, staring at the opaque window of his hut, "but it is better than nothing. A man can really manage to live on just potatoes if there is a little salt to put in the water when they are boiling. Potatoes are so tasteless without salt, especially if you eat them all the time, and it costs only one kronin and eighty heller a kilogram—but who can get a kronin and eighty heller?" (about nine cents).

"Are there no salt mines in Czechoslovakia?"

"There are great salt mines in the Carpathian-Russ. In Akna-Slatina, near Rumania, there are more people who do nothing but dig salt than there are in the whole village of Lukova."

"Then why is salt so scarce? It should be cheap here."

"When you go to where the railroads run to the great cities you see big cars filled with salt; but here, we are too poor to buy it. The salt is owned by fine gentlemen who live in fine houses—like the lords," he added.

"And what do you think about that?"

"I think it is not just. And Stefan, too, thought that it was not just that one should have so much salt while another hungered for a pinch of it. But Stefan was not just, too, for did he not want to own land and sell what he grew just like those who owned the salt?"

HE TOLD me of the rarity of salt, that some thought the goiters developed because they were too poor to buy salt, while others blamed the water that came gushing down the mountainsides. But if they cannot afford the kronin and eighty heller that a kilogram of refined salt costs and they can manage to earn a few heller by working for some Lukova shopkeeper or in the forests, they buy red salt, which tastes bad and is painted red so everybody may know it is for cattle and not fit for human beings. But when your body cries for salt as a man dying of thirst cries for water, then you use the red salt.

To this suffering from hunger and a lack of salt, they were given another irritation: that of a government seeking taxes from a peasantry so poor that it could not afford salt. At first when tax collectors came the peasants thought it was funny that the government should ask for taxes when it knew they didn't have money enough to buy salt. But it wasn't so funny when the tax collector, unable to get money, began to take horses and cows, sheep and pigs and sell those to get tax money.

I heard tale after tale in different villages of peasants whose sole income was milk from their one cow, milk so precious that they wouldn't give it even to their children and of how the cow was taken from them, of horses so thin that they were virtually useless, that were taken. Repeatedly I heard the peasants say: "What can a man do without his horses? How can he plow the land for sowing? No, there is nothing to do but put a rope around your chest and pull the wagon yourself."

Sometimes it seemed to these peasants that the government which had promised them land was really taking everything away. Resentment gave way to bitterness and Communists organized a protest meeting. Soldiers fired on the peasants (1935) killing two, wounding many and arresting almost everybody. Despite this and the fury of the peasants, the government persisted in taking everything it could and on Nov. 3, 1935, more than 10,000 peasants from 300 villages marched upon Mukacevo to demand the end of all this. There were too many and their anger was too sharp for any more shooting, so the Czech officials suggested they send delegates to see the President of the Republic.

"But nothing came of it," said the peasants.

When the collectors had taken about everything that could be taken in the form of livestock, they began to search the huts, taking everything that could be sold. It became so bad that when a collector was sighted peasants would send their children running to the neighbors to tell them that one of the demons that seemed to have attached themselves to hound them forever and forever was on the way and there would be a frantic scurrying to hide whatever was portable.

"They would hide even the vegetables," said my old peasant, shaking his head.

"Food?" I exclaimed.

"Have you not heard? Here in Lukova a peasant threatened a tax collector for trying to take his last cow and the gendarmes came and took him off to jail and kept him there for two weeks and when he was in jail they came and took his last cow and the few vegetables he had saved for food for the winter and they sold them and when they set him free and he saw all this, his reason left him, for he sought out the tax collector and killed him and then killed himself."

The persistent drive for taxes eventually reached the stage where the persons of the peasants were searched lest they had sold something or had worked for someone and were hiding the few kronin; and one day they searched Stefan Zcjkan.

"Only the day before he told me, 'If I could only earn a few heller I would buy some red salt,' and when he was searched he cried, 'If I had a few heller I would buy a little salt. See! Search my hut and see if you can find a little salt. I have hardly enough potatoes and no salt at all and if I had a few heller do you not think I would buy salt?"

INSTEAD of the drive to collect taxes lessening after this visit, it seemed to be intensified. The government needed money, money for its officials, money for its army, money for the ever-growing number of unemployed. Gradually the villages and cities became impoverished. A year ago, in Lukova, for instance, the government managed to find 26,000 kronin in money and saleable goods. This year, despite all the intensity of the search, all they were able to get was

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2,000 kronin. Nevertheless they kept coming but they no longer came alone. They brought two gendarmes with them because the peasants were too threatening. Because so many peasants, driven mad by the seizure of their last horse or cow, had killed the collectors, the gendarmes now approached a peasant and ordered him to put up his hands and first they searched him for weapons and then for his possessions.

It was on one of these occasions that some thirty peasants collected around the tax collector and the two gendarmes who came to Lukova and followed them about wherever they went. The peasants offered them no harm, didn't even utter a word, but just followed them around like great big bears and the collector and gendarmes became so uneasy that they left. The peasants breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that now they would be left in peace.

But the collector had gone only to return again—this time in the middle of the night. The records of the police at their headquarters in Bilky show that it was on Nov. 21, 1935, that the collector came with twenty-five gendarmes commandeered from Berehovo. They descended upon the worried peasants at two o'clock in the morning and arrested twenty-two of them for suspicion of having hidden their wealth and for following the collector and the gendarmes around while in the performance of their duties. Among those arrested was Stefan Zcjkan. At the police station in Bilky they were thoroughly searched. In Stefan's pockets they found two nails and a piece of twine.

Despite this, Stefan dreamed of the day when he would have his own land and sell his vegetables, eggs and milk and one day a village storekeeper gave him a little work and paid him a kronin and fifty heller, but then it was too dark to buy anything.

"In the morning when he rose he told us of his great good luck and how he went home holding the money in his hand and the hand in his pocket to be sure not to lose it, for when you have waited so long for a kronin and fifty heller and you know that means you can buy a little salt with it, you guard it carefully; and we who had a few vegetables said we would give him of our vegetables for some of his salt, but he asked for too many vegetables. He was always trying to make a shrewd bargain and while we were bargaining a tax collector came again with two gendarmes and pointed pistols at us and told us to put up our hands and they searched us, but they found nothing on anyone; but on him they found the kronin and fifty heller and the collector said he was a thief for hiding this money from the government.

" 'But I got this but yesterday,' Stefan said. 'I wanted it to buy a little salt for my potatoes. I have had no salt for many, many months, not even red salt—'

" 'The government will have to take this,' said the collector. 'I will give you a receipt.'

" 'I do not want a receipt for it,' Stefan cried. 'What can a kronin and fifty heller mean to a great government, but to me it means a little salt. I have not had salt for so long—'

" 'It will cost fifty heller to mail it to the tax collector's office, so I will give you a receipt for one kronin,' said the collector.

" 'I do not want the paper,' Stefan cried again. 'Search me and my hut. Take anything you can find—'

" 'I have to take this kronin and fifty heller—' said the tax collector.

"And Stefan shook his head and said as if to himself, 'My potatoes have no taste—'

"But the tax collector and the gendarmes shrugged their shoulders — like this — and started to walk away and when Stefan saw his pinch of salt going, his reason must have left him, for he ran to the wood pile where he had been chopping a little wood for the fire and seized the axe and without saying a word rushed up to the collector and split his head open and before anybody could say anything he swung the axe on himself and buried it in his own head.

"He was a good man," he said regretfully. "It is this tax collecting that drives men to deeds like this when they have a great hunger."

I looked at his bearded face and the dirty sheepskin coat and the large hands, red and engrained with dirt.

"And how do you feel about it now?"

He shrugged his shoulders and motioned to the south.

"There is the railroad; when you go you see the trains with many cars that carry salt from Akna-Slatina—"

"Yes?"

"It is not just that men should die because they have no salt and that some should live in fine houses and have much to eat—"

"Yes?" I said again.

"Sometimes we think: is it not better to die taking the salt than to die as Stefan died?"

"It's Smart To Be Thrifty"

IRVING ENRAY

CAPTAIN Rowland Hussey Macy, founder of the department store that bears his name, loved the sea and distrusted his employes. In those days there were no cash registers and the Captain lay awake nights scheming to check up on the help.

Finally he got the inspiration. He changed the prices of merchandise from round to odd numbers. Twenty-five-cent socks were marked down to twenty-three cents. Ten-cent tea strainers were raised to eleven cents.

This brilliant system compelled the clerks to go to the cashier for change almost every time they made a sale. And there sat Captain Macy himself watching the whole show.

Today the cash register rings all day long at Macy's, but the Captain's hard and suspicious spirit lives on in his successors, the Strauss family.

The royal roost is ruled by the brothers Jesse and Percy Strauss. Of the two, Jesse is the more distinguished. The family contributed $60,000 to the Democratic campaign chest in 1932. Subsequently President Roosevelt appointed Jesse Strauss Ambassador to France.

Percy Strauss has not been fortunate enough to reach these political and social heights. He must content himself with a directorship in the New York Life Insurance Company and with the usual kind of philanthropy. Much of his working time is devoted to wage cuts and layoffs.

Ambassador Jesse and Merchant Prince Percy are surrounded by a family court of sons, nephews and in-laws. These satellites are intrenched in the highest positions at Macy's.

The Strauss clan rules over ten thousand employes, many of them college graduates, whose average wage during the depression years has been fifteen dollars a week. In the same period, the Strauss brothers made $10,000,000 net. The two figures belong together, for the methods of exploitation used by the Strauss clan have become a model for the sweatshop technique in every department store in the world.

THE flop in Macy wages was primarily the result of two factors. To begin with, the N.R.A. set the minimum wage for department stores at fourteen dollars a week. This fitted in neatly with the tremendous labor turnover at Macy's. The Strauss Boys fired employes who earned more than the N.R.A. minimum, and hired new people at the fourteen-dollar rate.

The tremendous labor turnover is at once a cause and a result of the speedup system. The average productive output of the Macy employe is $10,700 a year, as compared with $8,500 in other department stores. Macy's achieves this acute degree of exploitation by compelling the employes to compete fiercely for each job.

The conditions of the part-time employe

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are even worse than those of the full-time employe. The part-timer works only during the busiest time of the day or on the busiest days of the week. For this he or she gets from $8.40 to $11.20 a week and fancy promises. He is told that he will get a full-time job if he works hard and turns in high sales-books. By these promises many part-timers are lured into working full time to raise their sales' total. But they get only part-time wages. In the departments which do not handle sales, part-timers are given the heaviest, the most back-breaking, the most monotonous work. Complaints are out if you want a full-time job.

Still lower in the slave-scale are the so-called *per diems,* the young men and women who work by the day. They are called in once or twice a week to "fill in" where departments are most busy, and are paid $2.35 a day. Macy's eliminates those who do not come in when they are called.

RECENTLY the store introduced a new scheme for intensifying labor. The author of this plan was rewarded by promotion to the post of general manager. The system is known as the Internal Personnel Exchange. From the initials of this high-sounding phrase, the workers involved are called "Ipes." For all practical purposes, the Ipes are commercial shock troops. They are trained to do the various types of work which the store requires. Then they are shifted from one department to another as the occasion requires. Ipes are sometimes shifted as often as five times a day.

With the perfection of this system last spring, about 2,000 regular workers were fired and replaced by 200 Ipes. Macy's is now planning to place the entire store under the Internal Personnel Exchange system. Stock boys are being taught to sell and salesmen to stock, so that any employe may be fired and immediately replaced from the existing staff.

At the same time the store has lengthened its hours from forty to forty-five a week. This means that 1,000 workers will be fired, in addition to the 6,000 already discharged at the end of the Christmas season.

Macy's would have introduced the increase in hours earlier but for the campaign conducted by the organized employes in the store. To counteract the spread of the union, the Strausses systematically propagandize the employes.

This propaganda does not conceal the actual conditions and the Strauss Boys are taking no chances. They have just hired Francis Xavier Fay to head the store's "protection" department. Mr. Fay was the G-man who shot Dillinger. To think that Captain Macy, living in those backward days, treated his employes only as thieves, and was himself the store's chief spy! Those handicraft days are gone. Mr. Fay is an up-to-date industrial spy well-versed in the technique of snooping on employes dissatisfied with low wages and long hours. Most of the employes whom he engages in affable talk do not realize he is pumping them for information.

Under Fay there is a complex system of espionage. Every department at Macy's has at least one stool-pigeon. These snoops receive two pay envelopes, one from the store and one from the "protection" department. In addition to these "three-dollar" men, there is a regular staff of store detectives dressed in stock boys' jumpers, the familiar squad of special police and snoopers disguised as shoppers.

Espionage is supplemented by censorship. The union members at Macy's used to bring leaflets into the store inside their newspapers. The Strauss snoops discovered this, and now Macy's 10,000 employes have been forbidden to bring any newspapers into the store.

The union, however, has found other ways of circulating its leaflets among the employes. It has succeeded in wringing hospitalization benefits from the Macy Mutual Aid Association; it has won increases in commissions paid to workers in several departments; it fought off the increased working hours for several weeks. These are minor victories, to be sure; but they tell an eloquent story of what a strong union with a broad employe support could do and will do for Macy employes.

The Trumpeter

DAVID WOLFF

Standing in Brooklyn I can sometimes see
past the black bridge and the scrolling horizons of the Atlantic
a few curled cypresses on an Italian bay
at noon blue; and 1,200 waving viva,
viva il Duce, while the transport begins to move,
begins to incise the violet tide.

Veiled with canvas, the ferocious cylinders
of new plane engines swing in the hold; in straw, there,
stacked, polished, the bombs with the delicate nipple;
the stretchers, the coffins and the antiseptic.

Viva il Duce! the sunny lads go forth
to uplift spearmen with the cross and the shrapnel.
I see il Duce with his frowning head, il Duce!
il Duce! that bellows them forth
the salt to mingle with their spouting blood.

Or I was stumbling in the darkness of the mid-stair
of a Gold St. tenement, the walls as cold as
dead shaken skin and aware how each door,
round the warped shaft, cat turds and the broken barrel,
can open its odor of sleep and hatred,
of paralysis and the furious idle rooms
layer on stamping layer, upward and onward,
till from unknown kitchen,—
rash
trumpet of Armstrong whirled from a quarter record:
O brass and elaborate, O sad, human, triumphant
in that black noon the scream of the living trumpet.

In the commandant's tent, after wine and squares of chocolate
in the salty Danakil desert, the Times correspondent vividly
described
the screaming trumpet that at Ende Gorge, rock-
silence and salt-silence cracked open,
when the first volley spat in the steep desert.

The invisible single scream of a trumpet two continual days.

Out of that gorge near dawn the Italian column abandoned
its badly wounded near the exploded wells
to die all afternoon in the raw sunlight
in the salt and rock,
the camel still screaming with its shattered bowels.
I remember I met with my Negro friend in that tenement.
The table out of boxes. Bold plan
of tomorrow's union ready between us: the necessity.
The serious children slept in the room beside us.
At midnight we spoke of the world—

Of the lack of wheat in Genoa; and the secret police
aproned like waiters; the studded tanks upset by spears;
of the bulletins ever victorious
by hands unknown
scorched from the wall, advertisements of death;
the tax collector stoned in the scanty village;
and a dead colonel faceless among the whispering cypresses,
while a troop-train out of the Tyrol, stalled, steaming,—
the recruits yelling at last abasso la guerra!
abasso!—feeds to the clouds its still internal rage.

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Two Million Black Voices

RICHARD WRIGHT

Time: An era of lynching, Jim Crowism and an era of disfranchisement; a time when living standards of Negroes are sinking to lower and lower levels.

Place: Chicago — the Eighth Regiment Armory, a huge, bleak structure which houses the crack Illinois Negro "8th," a regiment whose ranks were decimated in Flanders to make the world "safe for a democracy" the Negro people have never known.

SEVEN hundred sixty-three delegates and eight thousand visitors are jammed into the hall. They represent directly and indirectly ten million oppressed Negroes of America. Everywhere there is eagerness and tension.

All the talk takes the form of questions. "What do you think we can do?" "Will things be different?" These are the words of sharecroppers who hitch-hiked through zero cold to come to the National Negro Congress. These are the words of industrial workers, doctors, shop-girls, politicians, preachers, social workers, labor leaders, teachers, as they stand or sit, waiting.

They have come from every section of the country.

A church choir begins to sing and ten thousand voices swell:

> Sing a song
> Full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
> Sing a song
> Full of the hope that the present has brought us
> Let us march on 'til victory is won.

The hope of a new day for these ten million subjugated people is expressed in the fall of a gavel inlaid with wood taken from the hulk of the last slave ship that ever touched the shores of continental United States. And as the greetings pour in to the opening session from all over America and the world, the 763 delegates are confirmed in the knowledge that they are not alone. They are a vanguard of a huge rising people, a section of a world-wide army of toilers driving toward liberation.

The address of A. Phillip Randolph,[1] president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and President of the National Negro Congress, sounds this new day of victory. Pointing a means of action each sentence is a blow of logic breaking a new path.

No black workers can be free so long as a white worker is a slave, and by the same token, no white worker is certain of security while his black brother is bound. . . . Our contemporary history is a witness to the fact Black America is a victim of both class- and race-oppression. Because Negroes are black, they are hated, lynched and murdered. Because Negroes are workers they are browbeaten, intimidated and exploited. . . . The Negro people face a hard, deceptive and brutal capitalist order, despite its preachments of "Christian love and brotherhood."

With this as his basic premise, he presented a list of partial demands, welding them finally into one general, ultimate demand—a new Bill of Rights for the Negro people. Coming closer home, he points out that the New Deal is no remedy. It does not place human rights above property rights, but gives the business interests the support of the state.

To those Negroes who look to a return of the old order, he says, "The restoration of the Republican rule is no solution. . . . Probably the greatest danger to American institutions today—the threat of a fascist dictatorship—is the Republican party, the American Liberty League and the Hearst publishing syndicate. . . ." He stresses the fact that under either of the old parties all workers — both black and white — are faced with more than the abrogation of civil rights. "War is the twin sister of fascism. . . . It is an immediate danger."

BUT of the present-day confusion of social tendencies what road can the Negroes of America take in their struggle for national liberation? In what direction lies the richest opportunity for effective action? Where are the forces strong enough to bear the brunt of this offensive against war and fascism?

Surely not through the continuance of the present modes of separate actions! Although at times the work of single organizations is militant and courageous, this is not enough. Randolph demonstrates that the rapid march of imperialism and the trustification of monopoly capitalism require the immediate united effort of the broadest masses of the people. And this united effort must lead to the formation of new instrumentalities of political action. Discarding both the Republican and Democratic parties, the Negro people may look for the solution of their difficulties solely in an anti-capitalistic party —a Farmer-Labor Party. And this independent political action by workers' groups is closely tied to the matter of industrial unionism. For "the craft union invariably has a color bar against the Negro workers, but the industrial union in structure renders race discrimination less possible."

Randolph's speech opens two broad perspectives before the Negro people: (1) it marks the broaching of the idea of a national solidified movement among Negroes of all classes and occupations; (2) and it demonstrates both the possibility and necessity of an alliance of the Negro with all the progressive and class-conscious elements in America and the entire world.

The remaining sessions of the Congress formulated in organizational terms a militant program for the good, not only of black America, but white America as well. John P. Davis, national secretary, in his concluding words asked: "Do we have the right to act? Is there a man so callous as to attempt to destroy the unity expressed here tonight? In meeting in this hall, we are expressing our right to place human rights above property rights."

The proposed Negro Bill of Rights for which the Congress will seek endorsement, reads as follows:

> The right of Negroes to decent wages and membership in labor unions.
>
> Relief and security for every Negro family.
>
> General social and employment insurance without discrimination.
>
> Aid to Negro farmers and the right of Negro farmers, tenants and sharecroppers to organize and bargain collectively.
>
> A national anti-lynching law.
>
> The right of Negroes to vote, serve on juries and enjoy civil liberty and equality.
>
> Equal opportunity for Negro youths in education and in the economic life of the community.
>
> Equality for Negro women in the matter of wages, environment for themselves and children in housing, school and recreational facilities and the right to organize as consumers.
>
> Opposition to war and fascism; the independence of Ethiopia; opposition of world colonial nations.

These demands can be won by a Farmer-Labor Party, James W. Ford, Communist leader, told the convention. Such a political party would unite all progressive forces to fight toward the realization of these ends. Significantly, the welcome given by the delegates to Ford was in direct contrast to their unwillingness to hear representatives of the old-line parties.

From the drive for unity among the Negro people and between the Negro and white workers and their allies, came the resolution calling for an International Congress of Negroes which would supplement the yearly meetings of the American Congress. The struggle for Negro rights and for the Negro to take his rightful place in the American scene gathered momentum at the First Congress. As the young organizer, John P. Davis said, "The Congress must create new unity, new hope, new power and strength for Black America."

The delegates have left Chicago. They took with them this new hope. They had laid the basis for building unity, for augmenting their power and their strength.

[1] Owing to illness, Randolph could not attend. His speech was read.

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WILLIAM GROPPER SEES THE

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Toward a Doctors' Union

DANIEL SUMMER

NO MEMBER of the middle and professional classes has been tossed in a more turbulent sea than the physician. To him politics has always been anathema. Today he finds himself forced to consider the distasteful problem of organization. His distrust of politicians is crystallized in his hatred of state medicine. Instinctively the physician knows—and in many places he is learning by concrete experience—that the state of today would take medicine under its wing only at the expense of both the physician and his patient.

The physician wants the right to practise medicine according to the highest standards of his profession, scientific, social and cultural. While it is true that many physicians (it is hard to say what percentage) go into medicine in order to become wealthy, in order to escape the economic insecurity of the trade-union or white-collar worker, there are a predominant proportion who love their work.

Their work, however, like the work of most of the middle classes, depends for its abundance, quality and remunerative capacity upon the condition of the majority of the people in any community. The status of the physician is a good barometer of the status of the working people. More than anyone else he knows the outrages perpetrated on the health of the average worker by the inadequacy in medical care which existed even during the peak of prosperity.

The dilemma of the young physician in *Men in White* is the dilemma of a professional torn between natural and biological human instincts and the equally compelling forces of self-denial for social and scientific achievement. This conflict, little as it is and big as it is within the heart of the middle class, represents those contradictions which our present system of society engenders. The oath of Hippocrates will never be fully applied until both physician and patient free themselves from their common enemy.

It is no wonder, therefore, that news from Britain to the effect that a British Medical Union had been formed and, together with the Nurses Union, had affiliated with the Trade Union Congress, caused a stir here. American physicians for years have idolized such men as Sir James McKenzie, Gowers and Huxley. That the British physician should finally have linked himself with the British miner and all the other British workers in the Trade Union Congress worried our American medical "leaders" greatly.

There appeared in the reactionary Medical Economics Journal, edited by H. Sheridan Bakatel, a former army officer, a series of articles pointing to the downfall of British medicine as a result of the panel system of insurance which had been in operation in England since before the world war.

The article claims that the danger of unionism among physicians resulted inevitably from the adoption of health insurance. They do not point out that the panel system, originating from Bismarck in Germany, is a special type of health insurance, and is being slowly but surely imposed upon the American people by methods more subtle than the open political issue which Lloyd George made of it a few years before the war. At that time the parties of the British working class took up the slogan: "More Adequate Health Insurance." There was a tremendous rise of mass sentiment for relief of the many sick workers from one end of England to the other. Lloyd George succeeded in channelizing this sentiment into support for his own party by taking a leaf out of Bismarck's maneuvers.

A system of insurance was devised, compulsory for the working class, voluntary for the middle class, and administered on the basis of "Friendly Societies" organized for the purpose of distributing benefits (and inadequate they were and are) in any particular community. The insurance companies immediately became one of the organizers of "Friendly Societies" and in any particular community one physician or several physicians were allocated to take over the treatment of patients in accordance with the Insurance Act.

The Ministry of Postal Service was utilized as part and parcel of the mechanism of gathering and distributing funds sent in by workers to the various insurance companies behind the "Friendly Societies." Here was a complete set-up of the insurance companies. The government down even to the mail service and the whole legal apparatus forced the working class to shoulder the burden of health insurance.

The condition of the patient under the system was hardly more pathetic than that of the physician. He became virtually a slave of the insurance companies. Patients in working-class districts came to him or he was sent to them without an adequate range of choice of physician by the patient. Personal relationships between the physician and the patient, so essential for the adequate treatment, could never become fully developed and were actually shattered by this method. The bulk of physicians continued to be only salaried employes. Needless to say, with the crisis the number of people participating in "Friendly Societies" grew smaller and the return to the physician grew proportionately small. The wealthier patients continued to go to the wealthier physicians. Class lines continued to operate throughout the medical profession as well as throughout the general population.

It was under these conditions and with the influence of the English Labor Party that the physicians finally organized. Not without resistance from the leaders of the British Medical Association which, after trying to behead the movement, tried to head it.

What do our leaders in the American Medical Association have to offer? They realize very clearly that there is a stir of discontent on the part of physicians. They also know that various little movements for economic organization are going on, as yet not united into a single, powerful opposition group. The leaders of the American Medical Association clamored and debated and literally prayed to Roosevelt that Prepayment Health Insurance not be allowed to plague American physicians and patients.

Prepayment Health Insurance is simply a device whereby three cents a day may be taken from the payroll of the workers in exchange for three weeks hospitalization for acute illness. It does not cover chronic disease, which constitutes 90 percent if not more of the total medical practice in the country. The three-week hospitalization would be adequate for some minor and many major surgical operations. It was for this reason that the American College of Surgeons and the American Medical Association split on this question, the surgeons favoring the plan, the physicians attacking it.

Prepayment Health Insurance came precisely as it was planned to come to this country, by the forces of the Rosenwald fund, the 20th Century Fund, behind which there stand such enterprising "philanthropists" as Edward A. Filene of Boston, the very forces which dictate policies to Fishbein in Chicago. Fishbein made faces at the backers of the Prepayment Health Insurance scheme but placed no obstacles in their way.

New York has been full of red, white and blue posters asking everybody to unite for our hospitals, which means that an attempt is being made to get as many people as possible to contribute money for the mechanism necessary to administer such health insurance. Since many of the private hospital trustees (and the Prepayment Health Insurance plan is applicable only to the private and not to the city hospitals) are also employers in a large industry, the scheme is a simple method of getting the working class to become the philanthropists for which their employers will derive the credit. Trustees of fifty-two private hospitals in New York, they will be enabled to retain their hold on those hospitals and on the lives and the careers of the thousands of young men that come to the portals of those institutions hoping for recognition and only too soon being disillusioned by the sight of the special advantages granted wealthy patients and wealthy physicians.

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The ruse, however, has not stopped only at a vague campaign of support for hospitals. It has actually been used as a political weapon to set up a company union in one of New York's gas companies. The employers thus have a double-edged weapon. On the one hand their philanthropy now will come directly out of the payroll of their employes; on the other hand they will be able to retain their hold over the medical profession without in any way remunerating physicians either as internes or as heavily burdened physicians in charge of dispensaries—where both physicians and patients are thrust into a relationship which means inadequate medical care, inadequate scientific progress, inadequate remuneration and resultant irritability and distrust.

It should be understood also that our friends the philanthropists, such men as Filene of Boston, who have pushed the Prepayment Health Insurance plan, will not stop should the "voluntary" contributions from workers not be forthcoming. They will actually attempt to force it on the unions as in the case of the gas company of New York. Should this fail, however, will anyone doubt that they will soon attempt the passage of bills making such health insurance *compulsory* for workers in the majority of the trade unions? We will then have a setup not dissimilar to that which Lloyd George started in England a few years before the war.

The physician will become the employe of the hospital trustee who in turn represents the insurance companies.

What can the American physician do about this? Having learned from the experience of his British brother that the compulsory health insurance system does not work, must he wait to go through a similar period of enslavement to big business, or will he build a powerful union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor? Such a united front of doctors and workers could propose real health insurance that would be administered by trade unionists and medical unionists at the expense of those 3,600 families in this country who control 95 percent of the wealth.

Certainly no one in the American Medical Association can deny the Hippocratic spirit dominating British medicine. That the British physician should find medical unionism and trade-union affiliation his only solution is a bright promise that the American physician, together with other professionals will be able to join the trade unions in the movement for a powerful Farmer-Labor Party.

The Protector

MARCELO SALINAS

THE man, bending over the long rows, worked rapidly as though in a great hurry to finish. His little boy, scarcely ten years old, went behind him picking up the sweet potatoes and putting them in piles. The Cuban earth was hard and very dry. In spite of the fact that the night was cool, the man was sweating.

"Enough yet?"

The child measured with a glance the piles and answered, "'Bout half a sack."

"Let's fill up then and get goin'. The moon'll be coming out."

While the boy held the sack open, the man threw in the sweet potatoes. From time to time, fearful of being taken by surprise, he looked around on both sides, across the big field, and down toward the road some two hundred meters away.

The sack was over half full. Then the man tied its mouth with a bit of palm fiber, put his knife in his belt, tightened his waist and started to raise the bag.

The little boy, frantic with hunger, gnawed on a root he had picked up.

"Throw that away. When we get to the village, we'll have bread."

The boy obeyed, sure that the promise would be kept. They would sell the sweet potatoes at Justo's store and then they would not only have bread but a piece of candy as well. That's what happened three days ago when they went to steal bananas. That's what had been happening ever since his father had been out of work, almost a month now. The rural guards hadn't caught them yet. And even if they should catch them he would not be afraid of anything beside his father, not even of the darkness which was the only thing that really frightened him now.

The man, having dragged his sack to a stone wall, put it up, turned and bent his back beneath the load. When he stood up tall with his burden, the heart of the child swelled with pride and admiration. How strong his father was! And how brave!

They took a short cut that the cattle followed and came out through a hole in the wall into the road which ran between two steep slopes like a dry river. They walked very fast, the father panting beneath his load, the little boy beside him, jumping over the bumps in the road.

A rooster crowed, then another and several more answered them. Soon the whole countryside vibrated with their awareness.

"Two o'clock! Soon the moon will be out," thought the thief. And he made up his mind not to rest until he was near the village. There he felt that he would be out of danger.

"Hurry up," he said to the child.

They came to a place where, in a violent curve, the road seemed to end. Above, like a mile-stone near the wall, a big tree spread its shadow.

Suddenly, a man jumped out and planted himself directly in front of them.

"Halt!" he said sternly.

The father and the son stopped. The man with the sack recognized him at once as a private watchman belonging to the plantation he had just robbed.

He stood there with his gun raised. "Ah, you robber! Now, I've got you!"

The prisoner threw his load down as if to run, but the guard said, "Don't move or I'll kill you!" And he cocked his gun.

They stood a moment in silence, face to face, the threatening watchman and the unhappy prisoner overcome by the shame of having been caught. The child clung to the legs of his father, but he was more filled with curiosity than with fear. He did not even suspect that they had been getting their bread and their candy in the wrong way.

"You dirty thief! I've been on your trail a long time!"

From these harsh insults the unfortunate creole felt a wave of blood sting his face. Half-blind, he began to look for the knife at his belt.

"Keep still! . . . Raise your hands!"

The fear of danger overcame him and giving way to discretion, he raised his arms. The guard approached and, as he took the knife away from him, he ordered, "Get ahead, and take care not to try to run away."

Filled with sorrow and despair, the hopeless man began to walk slowly, with the now frightened child beside him. Behind them, with military stride, they could hear the big boots of the guard on the road.

For seven or eight minutes they walked in horrible silence. In the distance the little yellow lights of the village could be seen.

The prisoner stopped suddenly as if rooted to the earth. "Watchman," he said, without turning his head, "I will not go into that village as a prisoner. If you want to, you can kill me, but I will not go in like this."

The guard had stopped, too, very near the prisoner. For a moment he was troubled by the latter's attitude. Then, thinking it was a trick to mislead him, he reasserted himself. "What do you mean, you won't go in? I bet you will!"

"No, I won't."

There was a terrific pause. One of those fleeting moments that concentrate a whole tragedy. The prisoner turned around and stood looking resolutely at his captor. The little boy, with his eyes very wide open, did not fully understand what was happening.

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The guard cursed and raised his gun, but he dropped it without firing. "Get away! Get away quick!" He yelled. "I don't want to commit murder!"

And as if he himself was escaping from the danger of his own wrath, the watchman gave a half turn and started off, almost running, in the direction from which they had come. Soon the sound of his footsteps was lost in the night.

Then the unfortunate stealer of sweet potatoes sat down on the grass at the edge of the road, sighed deeply and hid his face in his hands. Close behind him, seeking cover from the dampness of the night, the child snuggled.

They remained like that a long time: the man very still with his hands to his temples as if he were afraid they were going to burst, the child close to him seeking protection from the cold.

"Papa, let's go."

The man seemed to awaken.

"Yes, let's go."

But he made no move to get up, so the child took his chin gently in his hands.

"Papa!"

As the father turned his head, a ray of moonlight through the branches of the trees lit up his face and you saw that his eyes were bathed in tears.

"Little boy! My little boy!" He embraced him tenderly, with all his soul, and a deep sob trembled in his throat.

The child threw his arms around the man's neck. He put his soft little cheek against the rough cheek of his father and quietly, very gently, he whispered in his ear, "Don't cry, papa! When I get big, I'll protect you. You'll see how *nobody'll* bother you then."

Jersey Judges the Home

BLAINE OWEN

"I HOPE other people will learn about this, so they can see the terrible things that can happen right in our own country," she said to me. Her tears were evident even in her voice. "The whole thing is a disgrace," she said, "a terrible disgrace.

"Now I want more than anything else in the world to have my children back again," Mrs. Eaton told me, for it was Mrs. Mabel Eaton to whom I was speaking, the Bloomfield, New Jersey, mother who was deprived of the custody of her two children because Advisory Master Robert D. Grossman decided that she had "allowed herself to become thoroughly imbued with Communistic, atheistic and I.W.W. doctrines, even though she does not hold formal membership in those organizations."

Advisory Master Grossman was in turn belligerent and pathetically equivocal when I spoke to him in Newark.

"Has your decision been confirmed by the Chancellor yet?" I asked as a sort of opener.

First he took issue with my term "decision" and went off on a string of technicalities about legal terms. "Well, whatever it is then, Mr. Grossman," I finally interrupted. "You're just an Advisory Master and these things have to be okayed by the Chancellor, don't they?"

He waved his hand. "Just a rubber stamp, just a rubber stamp," he said and swiveled again to stare reflectively toward a bookcase against the wall. I followed his eyes.

Law books, cases, law books, then—by glory, yes it was! Stamped in gold on the thick red cover it was plain as day: Editorials of William Randolph Hearst.

"It looks as if you went a little beyond the divorce court, Mr. Grossman," I began again, "when you took Mrs. Eaton's children from her because of alleged Communist beliefs. That's just about saying that the Communist Party is illegal, isn't it?"

"That's all wrong," he shot back, and that lower lip stuck out. "I didn't mean politics at all."

"Sounds like politics to me."

"I gave her the right to see the children, didn't I, so long as she doesn't talk Communism to them. And by that I mean, Communist moral beliefs, not politics. The Communist Party's still legal," though Mr. Grossman didn't seem any too pleased about admitting it, "but Communist morals just aren't acceptable."

"I've been to a lot of Communist meetings," I said, "and heard speakers on political and economic subjects, but I've never heard a Communist speech on morals. Just what are Communist morals?"

"Oh, they don't believe in marriage, virtue, or—" He waved his hand expansively to include vague other things.

"But very many Communists are married," I insisted.

Mr. Grossman softened his voice and said that, of course, there might be some respectable people who had political views of that sort, but that Mrs. Eaton just wasn't moral.

I took another tack. "In your questioning, Judge, you asked Mrs. Eaton if she believed in the Immaculate Conception. Do you believe in the Immaculate Conception?"

Mr. Grossman's swarthy face became purple. "That hasn't anything to do with it," he spluttered. "But she didn't give them a Christian education."

Mr. Grossman is a Jew, but he had an explanation for his decision.

"Mrs. Eaton's husband," he said, "married her as a Christian and had a right to have his children brought up that way if he wanted."

"But hasn't a mother any rights?"

"The man," declaimed Mr. Grossman, sitting up very straight now on the edge of his seat, "is supreme in the home and in regard to the children's upbringing."

"I understand you've received a lot of mail about this case," I ventured.

Mr. Grossman settled back again and swiveled. "Oh," he said nonchalantly, "a lot of letters have come in."

"A lot of groups have come out for Mrs. Eaton," I told him, "but I hadn't heard of any who had taken a stand supporting your opinion. Are there any?"

Mr. Grossman drummed on the desk top.

"I understand exceptions are to be taken, and perhaps an appeal filed," I said.

"Well, that's my opinion and they can take it or leave it."

When I spoke to Mrs. Eaton I asked her what she intended to do now.

"When a woman loses her children, she naturally wants them back," she told me. "That's my first concern right now."

I told her of the Advisory Master's charge of "immorality." "My moral life was spotless," she said, flaring up indignantly. "Is a man who beats his wife because she wants to read, fit to care for children?" she asked, referring to incidents brought out in the testimony at the hearing.

I asked her if she were going to work, but constantly her mind came back to the children. First she must get her two children back, Mabel, ten, and Warren, five. "I may have to go on relief," she said, "but I've got to keep up the fight."

Religion, she considers "my duty towards myself, my fellow man and my duty towards God," but Advisory Master Grossman decided she was atheistic, apparently because she said that "sermons once a week were nothing more than stilling the reaction that would arise out of the discontent in life the other six days, but not remove it."

Seriously she explained that she had come to the conclusion that "economic conditions of people in most cases, if not all, were responsible for the good and bad men did.

"I was experiencing a growth and change in my outlook on life," she said.

"Do you intend to continue?"

"Of course," she answered simply, "my education was hardly complete." There was a brief pause.

"So I'll surely continue. There is so much to learn." Again Mrs. Eaton paused.

"So much—when a woman's children can be snatched from her."

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Our Readers' Forum

Is the Radio a Frankenstein?

Much has been printed in criticism of the radio; it's a nuisance, it's noisy, the programs are terrible, etc. Nobody, however, has yet pointed out that it is also an economic blight. It has already eliminated almost every theater outside New York; and when television arrives, it will also eliminate the movie houses, I believe.

We are in for a future of a monopoly on American mass art by the radio. I can forsee the time when future plays like *Mutiny on the Bounty* will have their cheese scenes, in which the hero, in the midst of some great moment of love and danger, will munch his sponsor's cheese, and name it by name.

By the way, don't you think all these amateur hours are demonstrating that you can pick a dozen entertainers off the street who are as good as the million-dollar professionals? You could take a dog and have him bark over the radio at a certain hour every night, and he would become a national figure in a week. Why doesn't NEW MASSES pay more attention to this formidable weapon of the reactionary politicians—the radio?

Bronx, N. Y. R. C. O'BRIEN.

Reader O'Brien will be pleased to know we are hunting for a smart radio critic. Does he know of one?—EDITORS.

More Head, Less Heart?

I was touched by the letter of Alice R—— who thinks she is too timid to struggle for her rights. Alice, I know the feeling you describe—an outcast in radical groups, and a nut in the family circle. Alice, I found a way out by going to a good workers' school, where I got to understand what it was all about. That helped me find my place in the world and in the radical movement. There is no power like knowledge — especially the Marxian kind. It has brought me peace of mind in a crazy society. Cheer up, Alice, and use your head more, for a time, than your heart. I am glad to see, by the way, that THE NEW MASSES is printing such letters from its readers. We need more of this personal human contact with each other.

Waukegan, Ill. HENRIETTA R——.

Do other readers agree that such personal problems have a place in a literary and political weekly? We would like to know?—EDITORS.

A Musician Answers Hitler

A clipping from a New York newspaper reached me recently wherein it was announced that I was a member of the music committee whose duty it is to choose American music for the forthcoming Olympic Games festival in Germany.

If I gave my consent to serve on such a committee, it was before I learned definitely and specifically of the attitude of Herr Hitler in regard to the persecution of racial and religious groups and the suppression of civil liberties.

I have asked that my name not be used in any way in connection with the music committee, and by this action I am not reflecting on the personal ideas of my American colleagues who may still be on the music committee, but merely voicing my own personal convictions in the matter, these convictions being that I cannot conscientiously believe it to be to America's advantage to participate in the Olympic Games, if they are held in Nazi Germany.

As a descendant of a patriot in the army of George Washington and as an American believing in the utmost freedom of speech and of full religious and civil liberty and racial tolerance, I feel I must be firm in this decision.

San Diego, Cal. CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN.

Chaplin Would Like This—

Robert Forsythe's review on Chaplin was the best I have read on this new film. I am not a critic, I am a baker, and make cake and rolls, but I told my friends, in my own words, much the same as Forsythe: "Chaplin has created a biting commentary on our civilization. He has made high humor out of material that is fundamentally tragic. It is the humor that permits him to say such things to America. Yes, this picture is a triumph, not only of Charlie's art, but of his heart." So said Forsythe, and now, dear NEW MASSES, more Forsythe for me or my bread and rolls won't rise.

Chicago, Ill. ANTON HUBERMAN.

Can Ostriches Fight Fascism?

If you don't want anti-semitism in America, why do you keep trying to push us into Europe's quarrels? We don't want to, again, slaughter Germans and be slaughtered by them. We don't want to defend the Soviet Union and we don't want to be everlastingly on guard lest Laski, Lippmann or The Nation intellectuals sneak up on us with some kind of sanctions, innocent-sounding enough, but sure to lead to war with Germany. I learned one thing from the Communists, and I haven't changed, as they did, recently. I still hold: kill only those who would push us into imperialist war.

New York City. ANN SEAVER.

Her solution for Hitler's anti-semitic brutalities is to keep mum, and not say or do a thing. The fact is: only world opinion has been able to save the German Jews from complete extermination. As for sanctions, will Miss Seaver assure us that doing nothing will keep America out of war? It didn't work last time, and it won't work now. Sanctions are one method of boycotting fascism and war. —EDITORS.

Turkish Pogroms

Erroneously Joseph Freeman states in "Fortune and the Jews" (Feb. 4 issue) that "Jew-baiting is different in origin but not in essence from the massacre of Armenians by Georgians in pre-revolutionary Russia."

It was not Georgians who massacred the Armenians, but the leaders of extreme nationalistic Turkey who during 1914-1918 butchered more than 1,500,000 (British figures) and perpetrated on them horrors and obscenities that defy the imagination of civilized peoples. In comparison to them Hitler's tactics are no less than paternal.

If writer Freeman is strong enough to read chapters of the blackest horror (with undeniable proof) I would respectfully refer him to the British Blue Book, issued by Lord James Bryce in 1915, entitled *Treatment of the Armenians.* It is available in the larger libraries throughout the country.

I think distinctions should be made in your columns between Turk and Georgian. I assure you the difference is violent. Soviet Armenia is a happy land today, but its populace has not yet forgotten the inhuman barbarities perpetrated by those leaders of Turkey who today sit at the head of Kemalist Turkey.

Mineola, L. I. A. DEROUNIAN.

Mr. Derounian and I are both right. Turkish nationalists once massacred Armenians in what is today Soviet Armenia; and Georgian nationalists massacred Armenians in cities like Tiflis. I chose the Georgian example because it made the problem clearer. By abolishing economic *conflicts between the various nationalities while retaining and advancing national* culture, *the Soviet Union, alone among the countries of the world, has been able to eliminate racial prejudice and violence.*—JOSEPH FREEMAN.

An Orchid for Elmer Rice

For his virile answer to Mr. J. J. Raskob, I am sure that Elmer Rice deserves the gratitude of millions of struggling Americans. How can we gain any wealth when all of it is being so rapidly hogged by the small secret society of which Raskob is a member? Henry George stated it thus: "The rise in the United States of monstrous fortunes, the aggregation of enormous wealth in the hands of corporations, necessarily implies the loss by the people of government control. That most of our rich men did begin with nothing is true. But that the same success could be as easily won now is not true."

Mr. Raskob and his Liberty Leaguers are lying as to the facts and as to their real aims. The American people will oppose this secret plunderbund as we would a pestilence threatening our lives. Power to you, Elmer Rice, and to THE NEW MASSES!

Wrentham, Mass. QUINCY LORD.

Let Reader Lord remember that Raskob made his money in Wall Street, that home of rugged individualists, and that we can all do likewise.—EDITORS.

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(The cartoons on this page are the only ones in the contest. No additional ones will be printed, so you can enter the contest now.)

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2. The contest opened January 23. Titles must be received at the New Masses Contest Dept., Box 76, Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y., on or before April 15, 1936. Awards will be made as soon after the end of the contest as the titles can be considered by the judges.

3. You need not use the attached coupon, although it is most convenient, but in order to be eligible in the Title Contest, your subscription for 10 weeks for the New Masses with $1, the subscription price, must accompany the titles you submit.

4. In case of a tie of two or more, then the judges will ask for a competitive twenty-five-word descriptive essay on the three cartoons. Their decision on the essays will be final.

5. All contest entries will be acknowledged as received.

6. The title winners, by acceptance of the prizes, unconditionally transfer to the New Masses all rights to the winning titles.

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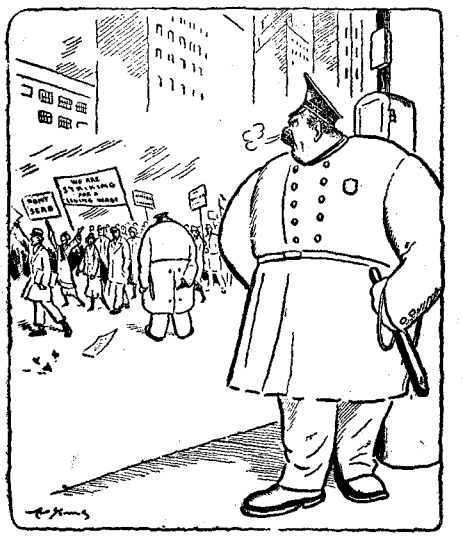

Cartoon No. 2

CONTEST NEWS

Recently we asked entrants in the contest to tell us what they would do with the money were they to win one of the prizes. Although not yet a contestant, though he promises to enter shortly, an editor of *The New Yorker* in last week's issue tells his readers that if he wins a prize he will donate it to the "Lighthouse for the Purblind, Motes and Beams Division." It seems to us that this is an announcement that the money would go to *The New Yorker*.

One actual contestant, on the other hand, writes that were she to win a prize she would visit the Soviet Union because she has long been eager to see the worker's Fatherland.

Still Time to Enter

Entries in the $1,500.00 Cartoon Title Contest are pouring in from every section of the country. However, you still have time to enter yourself and have an equal chance of winning one of the two big prizes. Remember, you may send as many sets of answers as you wish, provided each set is accompanied by a $1, 10-weeks' subscription to THE NEW MASSES.

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Please *do not* ask us to make changes in titles you have sent in, as we are unable to do so. Entrants who wish to have titles different from those originally submitted considered by the judges, must send in another $1-10 weeks' subscription to the New Masses and the new titles. However one or two of the titles in the new set may be the same as those first submitted.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A "Case" for the Classics?

ART, as we all know, is free and not service to class; and of all the arts, save possibly music, poetry is most exempt from material influences. It soars above them into ethereal and idealistic realms; it transcends the ephemeral and attends the eternal yearnings of the human spirit. Love, Strife, Death and That Which Is Beyond Death are the themes of the classical tradition, fashioned, as we can see, of ageless stuff. Whatever, politically, we are or think we are, we can always go back for inspiration to the great Greeks, clasping their hands across the sea of time. The classics never fail us. They are above creed, above race, above political or economic schism. Above all, the classics are above class.

However, when we get out our ponies from the Loeb Classical Library, and embark on the actual endeavor to clasp hands with the great Greeks across the sea of time, we find that this conception of the classlessness of the classics never seems to have infected the consciousness of the classics themselves. The French critic Saint-Beuve in his essay *What Is a Classic?* gives us a reference to the Roman Aulus Gellius, who speaks of a certain person as being a classical writer, as distinguished from proletarian. When we look up Gellius, we find him completely specific on the distinction: *classicus* means belonging to the class which had the most property; all others were *infra classem,* beneath class. Of these the status of the *proletarii* was next to the lowest, just above those who were called *capite censi,* or counted (like cattle) by the head. It is difficult to translate Roman economic terms accurately into modern ones, for there are all sorts of complicating factors, but a rough idea of the differences might be conveyed if we say that the *classicus* is a man with property worth $2,500 and up, the *proletarius* with $30 worth, and the *capite census* with $7.50 or less.

Moreover Gellius credits Julius Paulus, "the most learned poet of his recollection" with this interesting contribution to the economic interpretation of history:

> Since property and money were regarded as a hostage and pledge of loyalty to the State, and since there was in them a kind of guarantee and assurance of patriotism, neither the *proletariat* nor the *capite censi* were enrolled as soldiers except in some time of extraordinary disorder, because they had little or no property or money. However, the class of *proletarii* was somewhat more honourable in fact and in name than that of the *capite censi*; for in times of danger to the State, they were enrolled for hasty service, and arms were furnished them at public expense. And they were called, not *capite censi,* but by a more auspicious name derived from their duty and function of producing offspring, for although they could not greatly aid the State with what small property they had, yet they added to the population of their country by their power of begetting children.

Proletarian criticism, therefore, will find in the classical writers a valuable field of investigation. Bourgeois critics have attempted to create the classics in their own image—they have even accused each other of doing this—and to obliterate from the reader's attention class lines drawn in the original with strict and rigid insistence. Such expropriation, of course, had a functional value in the bourgeois educational scheme, though it need not have been entirely deliberate. Marx used to rebuke bourgeois economists for deducing universal values from operations that were inevitable only within their peculiar economy; bourgeois critics of esthetics constantly repeat this error; and transitional critics, too, sometimes go with them in this direction farther than they should. For reasons either sinister or stupid the case for the classics has been stated in terms not too unlike those of our (satirical) opening paragraph, and this has invited either their sentimental acceptance by those who had an interest in distraction from the class struggle, or their equally uncritical rejection by those who would not take the bourgeois word for anything else, but seemed willing to let them get away with it here, and thereby tacitly consented to the opinion of their antagonists, that art was different. The result has been an impoverishment of Marxist criticism, which has been denied access to an entire area of reference abundant in concrete illustration of valid but abstract critical theory. To cite an example—the reviewer is better qualified to estimate and deflate the cosmic originality of E. E. Cummings if he knows about Simmias of Rhodes, who contrived to put poems about axes and winged Cupids into the form of axes and winged Cupids. Not that we suspect Cummings of plagiarizing Simmias, of whom he may or may not have heard; but that we can see so much more clearly how under pressure of similar economic circumstances similar esthetic phenomena are liable to emerge.

By way of introduction, two critical studies might be commended to the reader who is interested in seeing how even the great Greeks were subject to the operations of the dialectic process and determined by material conditions. Professor J. M. Edmonds' history of Greek lyric poetry (in the *Lyra Graeca* volume of the Loeb Classical Library) is an account of the changing modes of non-epic and non-dramatic poetry, ranging from the spacious morning atmosphere when the poet held a traditional place in life, not merely as prophet or pedagogue, but as director of practical activities, down to the fantastic cult-and-coterie twilight of the Alexandrians and on into the darkness of the late Roman empire. Edmonds shows us how respectfully, in the days of a vigorous prime, Greek society treated its artists, proposing no dichotomy, as in bourgeois states, between them and men of action, but entrusting political functions to men precisely because they were poets. An Archilochus was chosen to lead colonies, a Simonides to make peace between opposing armies, a Solon to salvage a state. "Whenever the Spartans take the field under arms, every man has by law to be summoned to the king's tent to hear Tyrtaeus' songs, this being the surest way of making him willing to die for his country." Poetry in our day—bourgeois poetry—tends to be personal rather than patriotic, the bourgeois state being nothing about which to wax lyrical; and bourgeois poets have, under pressure, been so conditioned to talking about themselves that no other practice seems quite natural. Those to whom no two phenomena seem more incompatible than money and lyric poetry will find it a healthy shock to read in Edmonds that the original inward direction of lyric poetry had an economic stimulus. "The introduction of coinage," he says, "had but recently given its great stimulus to commerce, and the accumulation of wealth had begun to give men freer command of the labor of their fellows. We may believe that ritual song-dance, if, as it often was, it was competitive, gave opportunity for the display of wealth. Wealth made the individual, with his greater command of others' hands, a greater person than his neighbors, a more important wheel in the machine of state. This feeling of importance would seem to have expressed itself in art-patronage, and fostered a demand for poetic praise of men as well as of Gods. . . The whole Greek view of life had become more individualistic, more self-conscious, more analytic. Poets now sang more about their own feelings, and addressed themselves to the emotions of individuals as well as to those of collective audiences. The sphere of art activities was enlarged to include private life."

This self-expressive and individualistic tendency in art attained its full fruition in the so-called Hellenistic or Alexandrian period. Alexandria was a cosmopolitan state, sufficiently prosperous to develop a large and wealthy leisure class, amply protected by its hard-boiled police from the antagonisms that arose as the imported hustlers exploited the native proletariat with increasing relentless-

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ness, revelling in an almost monotonous security of existence, devoid of any need for political and national consciousness. The literature encouraged by its patrons, the royal house of the Ptolemies, was increasingly preoccupied with private concerns and personal relations, and among these, needless to say, the phenomenon of love forced itself most insistently on the attention. Of this literature and its background a book written fifty years ago affords most interesting and exhaustive documentation. The book in question is Auguste Couat's *Alexandrian Poetry Under the First Three Ptolemies;* it has been available since 1931 in an English translation by James Loeb, the founder of the classical library which bears his name. Amid its great mass of technical material the lay reader will have to do some judicious skipping, but not its least value is the thoroughness with which the various impulses and manifestations of Alexandrian temperament are exposed. When the book was in the press, Marx had less than a year to live; it is hard to resist the idea that such a book as Couat's would have ultimately commended itself to his attention, if for nothing more than the ominous correctness of the final paragraph:

> In the decline of a civilization which already has to its credit centuries of great literature, it is not without effort that we can find that freshness and sincerity of impressions that constitute poetry. For new-comers it is hard not to wish to improve upon their predecessors, and not to seek for new and rare forms for conveying feelings that are at once simple and little subject to change. And so it comes that poets by preference choose whatever is unusual or morbid among human passions, and make improper use of a violent or subtle psychology which is ill suited for poetry. . . . In the end they are hampered by the steadily growing mass of memories and ideas which the work and thought of successive generations bring with them, and which they can neither neglect without loss nor make use of without peril. Such was the special plight of the Alexandrian poets, *placed as they were on the confines of two worlds, the ancient and the modern, the last born of the one and the forerunners of the other. Our own plight is almost the same,* nor can we read the Alexandrians without a glance into our own hearts, and possibly, owing to certain intellectual sympathies, we are more able to understand them than were people in earlier times.

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Old Time Tales

MULES AND MEN, by Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.

UPON starting to collect the tales making up the greater part of this book, Miss Hurston was asked, "Who you reckon want to read all them old-time tales about Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear?" She replied "Plenty of people, George. They are a lot more valuable than you might think. We want to set them down before it's too late." Judged according to this purpose, *Mules and Men* is a success. The material and the type, of course, are familiar; several books by Howard Odum, *Nigger to Nigger* by E. C. L. Adams and in some respects, Carmer's *Stars Fell on Alabama* are contemporary parallels. Miss Hurston, however, is one of the few Negroes fitted by upbringing, temperament and training to make such a collection. She is fortunately free from the usual educated Negro's disdain for folklore and she has enthusiasm, a sensitive ear and a companionable personality. The tales are set against the background of central Florida, Miss Hurston's native section.

Many of the tales are about John or Jack, "the culture hero of the Negro folk," who overcomes the devil or old master with miraculous ease. Others show the master turning the tables upon slaves. There are some illustrating present social experience, such as the explanation of why the Negro works so hard, which the narrators tell with easy-going laughter at themselves. A few outrageously tall tales are in the American frontier tradition, those on the snail hitting the mark delightfully. Brer Rabbit, Brer Dog and Brer Gator are here in person, and the interest in the 'possum, the snake, the hawk, the buzzard and the boll-weevil show that fine fabling is still going on. In spite of the title, the role of the mule in this book is minor. Some of the stories jokingly explain "cosmogony" in the manner of *Black Genesis,* by Stoney and Shelby. Many of the stories are quite familiar from other sources, but they are told with charm and are well fitted into the setting. There is the goat who coughed up the red shirt and flagged the train, the traveling man, the old slave tales of "Mo' rain, mo' rest," and "Well, you got the old coon at last." Even a paraphrase of Irwin Russell's poem on Ham and the first banjo is here. The collection is richly diversified.

Both music and words of nine songs are given. Besides a first-rate version of "John Henry," there are examples of working, convict, social and children's songs. The last section of the book deals with hoodoo. Miss Hurston visited New Orleans and its environs, especially Algiers across the river. There she was initiated into the secret rites of hoodoo and assisted in some of the operations. She renders these experiences dramatically, but to the reviewer they do not carry the weight of the Florida tales, and the closer they resemble Seabrook's sensationalism, the less satisfying they become.

As a collection, *Mules and Men* has the virtues of simplicity, raciness, earthiness and for the most part plausibility. The conversations with their idiomatic tang and truth, are best. Characterization, as might be expected is subordinated, but out of the run of the many indistinguishable speakers, such persons as Big Sweet, Ella Wall and the author stand out vividly. A way of life that one feels that Miss Hurston knows thoroughly is presented: the jooks, the toe-parties, the shack-dances, the love-feasts, the experience meetings, the fishing trips, the gambling in the camps with their long tense sessions of Florida flip, coon-can and Georgia skin. This is authentically done, so far as it goes. And there lies the rub.

Because the book has a second purpose: that of portraying the life of the southern Negro, insofar as folk tales and descriptions of folkways can do this. In his foreword, Dr. Boas says that the material "gives the Negro's reaction to everyday events, to his emotional life, his humor and passions." Miss Hurston, choosing Florida because it gives "a cross section of the N[illegible]uth," seems to urge this purpose thro[illegible]. By its very nature, *Mules and M[illegible]* is assumed to have this purpose, and it ha[illegible] raised accordingly. But to the revi[illegible] this second pur-

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pose, while more important than the first, is less attended to and certainly less fulfilled. He has heard some, and believes that there are many more folk-tales floating around Eatonville, Orlando, Kissimmee and Lakeland, of a different sort, just as revelatory Negro life and therefore imperatively worth collecting for such a book as this. If Florida "gives a cross section of the Negro South," *Mules and Men* is inadequate.

Bruce Minton's recent article in THE NEW MASSES, written, by the way, about Lakeland, a town in the section studied by Miss Hurston, reveals the exploitation and terrorism that Florida knows as well as other Southern states. It might be considered unfair to Miss Hurston to focus attention upon this, and the current uncovering of Klan tactics throughout the state, since her collection was made much earlier; but the misery and exploitation are not recent growths. And mention of these is missing from *Mules and Men*. There are one or two grousing references to mean cracker bosses and the chain gang, but little else. Eatonville is described pastorally: "the city of five lakes, three croquet courts, three hundred brown skins, three hundred good swimmers, plenty guavas, two schools and no jail-house." One company operating phosphate mines at Pierce is selected as worth describing for maintaining "very excellent living conditions in their quarters. The cottages are on clean, tree-lined streets. There is a good hospital and a nine-months school. They will not employ a boy under seventeen so that the parents are not tempted to put minors to work. There is a cheerful community center with a large green-covered table for crap games under a shady oak."

In dealing with the tactics of Negro lying, Miss Hurston writes: "You see we are a polite people and we do not say to our questioner, 'Get out of here!' We smile and tell him or her something that satisfies the white person, because, knowing so little about us, he doesn't know what he is missing." This, at the start, promised a picture nearer the truth of southern Negro life and farther from tradition. But Miss Hurston reveals little that white authors have not been able to get at. As one southern critic has said, Miss Hurston "portrays the white man but little, and then without bitterness." And Miss Hurston finds "the Negro story-teller is lacking in bitterness." Her characters are naive, quaint, complaisant, bad enough to kill each other in jooks, but meek otherwise, socially unconscious. Their life is made to appear easy-going and carefree. This, to the reviewer, makes *Mules and Men* singularly *incomplete*. These people live in a land shadowed by squalor, poverty, disease, violence, enforced ignorance and exploitation. Even if browbeaten, they do know a smouldering resentment. Many folk-stories and songs from the South contain this resentment; E. C. L. Adams' *Nigger to Nigger* and Lawrence Gellert's *Negro Songs of Protest* are excellent cases in point. From the reviewer's own experience, he knows that harsher folk-tales await the collector. These people brood upon their hardships, talk about them "down by the big-gate," and some times even at the big house. They are not blind, and they are not being fooled; some have lost their politeness, and speak right out. *Mules and Men* should be more bitter; it would be nearer the total truth.

STERLING A. BROWN.

Moody's Letters to Harriet

LETTERS TO HARRIET, by William Vaughan Moody. Edited with Introduction and Conclusion by Percy MacKaye. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

THIS book contains the letters that William Vaughan Moody wrote to Harriet Converse Tilden, from the time he met her in 1901 to the time he married her in 1909, a year before his death. The letters have been affectionately annotated by Moody's friend, Percy MacKaye, who has also written a long and illuminating introduction. MacKaye tells how, in the first decade of the century, a group of poets attempted to raise the level of the American drama.

"Our aim," MacKaye writes, "was to cleanse the temple of Apollo, the stage, from the sins of Apollyon, the commercial speculation of Broadway. . . .To that cause, however, we dedicated ourselves not as religious, economic, or social reformers, but as poets." But, he goes on, the group was blind "to the truth that no one unit of society, such as the stage, can be healed without cleansing the whole organism."

Mr. MacKaye thus furnishes an accurate diagnosis of the failure of that gallant attempt with which the name of William Vaughan Moody is so closely associated. Yet he does not seem to realize that the failure of the group was twofold: they not only failed to destroy the commercialism of the theater; they also failed to write great drama. The second failure was related to the first. The esthetic self-righteousness—almost a kind of poetic snobbishness—with which they approached the theater was evidence that their roots did not go very deep into American life; and it was the lack of deep roots that vitiated their plays.

Needless to say, the times are to be blamed, not the poets. One feels in Moody's letters not merely poetic insight, but revolutionary aspiration. It is true that, in the strain of mysticism that runs through them, there is something foreign to the modern temper. There is also a kind of romanticism of expression that reminds us that the shadow of Victoria was still over America. But through these superficial qualities shines the spirit of the man, to waken our admiration.

Moody fell short of true poetic as of true dramatic greatness, but there was greatness in his character. His early death was a tragedy, but even more tragic was the stifling of what was really in the man.

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Books in Brief Review

Gossip

ANNALS OF THE POETS, Their Private Lives and Personalities, by Charles Powers Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE chapters of this book include such matters as the origins of poets, their precocity, education, looks and manners, domestic life, hobbies, avocations, work habits, scholarship, exercise, health, death, the struggle for existence, crimes, success, love, excess, miscellaneous aberrations, etc. It is a random and quite pointless collection of gossip. Its conclusion might be that there is no such thing as the type poet; the robust are balanced by the frail, the lascivious by the chaste, the rebels by the sycophants. Their only similarity is that they are poets. Total them up and they equal the average man.

But the author notes the following, that the majority of poets are drawn from the comfortable classes and that their best work, with few exceptions, is done in opportune periods of leisure and security. In other words, like all men, they flower in situations that make self-fulfillment possible. Instead of looking forward to a society where poets in common with other men will secure the necessary opportunity to do their work and security during their work, he looks backward to the more precarious era of "patronage" which he declares to have been more favorable to poets, in this respect, than "democracy." ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Tales Out of School

OUT OF MY PAST: Memoirs of Count Kokovtsov. Hoover War Library Publication No. 6. $5.50.

KOKOVTSOV was Russian Minister of Finance, 1904-1914, and Chairman of the Council of Ministers, 1911-1914, and when he gets to telling tales out of school he supplies several pages of interesting and informative reading. Thus, in the pages dealing with the 1905 uprising, we discover that the great liberal, Count Witte, who confessed himself so terribly shocked by the Bloody Sunday massacre, had probably more knowledge of, and responsibility for it than he cared to admit; that the Father Gapon who led the workers had probably not been altogether innocent of the probable consequences of his demagogy, inasmuch as some time previously he had visited government officials with the information that because of his influence with the workers he could break up their demonstrations in the St. Petersburg district; that when workers were sent in a deputation to the Czar, factory inspectors had it as their express duty to see to it that no radical elements were included; that last but not least, when such workers' demonstrations do occur, the repercussions are embarrassingly international, and not at all the local affairs they seem to be. . . . For instance, it made it hard for the Finance Minister to float a French loan.

However, what particularly distinguishes this book is the fact that all through its discussion of the growing revolutionary movement no mention is made even once of the one man most significantly associated with it. His name was Vladimir Ilytch Lenin.

PETER YORK.

Williamsburg Dream

HOMAGE TO BLENHOLT, by Daniel Fuchs. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

MR. FUCHS is still concerned with sordid life of Williamsburg, that Jewish section of Brooklyn which furnished him material for *Summer in Williamsburg*. But now he has dropped his naturalistic approach and adopted a caricaturing style which his publishers compare with all the world's great satirists that can be squeezed in one paragraph. As you get into the narrative and enjoy the author's piercing sense of humor, his fine ear for the dialogue and the mad sounds of the tenement house where most of his characters live, you are likely to forgive the blurb writer's effervesence. Good satirical fiction, which doesn't follow the slick and innocuous patterns popularized by such magazines as The New Yorker, is all too rare these days and though Fuchs is not yet complete master of his satirizing self, his novel shows that he has real potentialities for developing into a powerful satirist who will not write satire simply for its own amusing sale but give it a critical, social viewpoint.

In this novel, as in his first, his attitude is determined by his ability to see how his characters are smothered and degraded by the jittery atmosphere the present social setup imposes on them. His main figure, the incarnation of Optimistic Youth in America, is Max Balkan, a ridiculous, lonely young man who sees himself as a modern Tamburlaine. He believes that opportunity is around the corner, that he is living in a society eager to receive him with open arms and a million dollars. He has dozens of crazy schemes for making that million. He worships Blenholt, the Commissioner of Sewerages, because Blenholt achieved riches and dignity in his community, even though he did it by Al Capone methods. In the end, his dreams crash; for his efforts he receives one bag of onions.

Brought up on movies, comic strips, tabloids and other vehicles of fake ideas, his friends and relatives are just as pathetic. Munves, his friend, wants to be a great

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etymologist and ends up in a delicatessen store; his father, once an applauded Yiddish actor, now a beaten man carrying a sandwich sign for a beauty shop; his sweetheart, Ruth, whose intellectual meat is a hot-stuff Joan Crawford movie. One weakness of the novel is that the author's bitterness for the forces that frustrate his characters surpass his understanding of them; this tends to make many of his satirical effects seem strained. With a better understanding of those social forces, he is sure to achieve a richer variety of situations and people and a style that carries a greater wallop. JAY GERLANDO.

A Trip to Naziland

BEHIND THE SWASTIKA, by Josephine Herbst. Anti-Nazi Federation. 5 cents.

THIS meaty pamphlet should bring comfort to those who despair over the acquiescence of the German people to the rule of Nazi gangsterism. Josephine Herbst has been no superficial observer of conditions today in Germany and her information, moreover, is up to the minute.

No matter how quiet things may seem on the surface, all is not well with Nazi prestige. Strikes are becoming more common (15,000 textile workers at Augsburg walked out last summer), though the press has no news of it. But people themselves have told her of active strikes and passive resistance. Desperately but surely the workers are building up their outlawed unions. Even the death-sentence cannot prevent them.

Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Stahlhelm, Social-Democrat, Communist and Salvation Army member all feel the hand of Nazi terrorism. The result is a growing apathy among the body-politic to Nazi "drives." People no longer cooperate in raids and attacks. When a raid upon Jews in Berlin cafes is staged, the folk just disappear and the Nazis are confronted with empty tables. Despite press-censorship, housewives are agitating against the soaring prices and the scarcity of food. Denied a voice in the public print, they have resort to rumor.

With nothing but war and starvation facing the young generation, it is no surprise to find how completely degraded the cultural life of the country has become. A typical movie "ends with the edifying spectacle of wives going on their knees to husbands to ask pardon for daring to object to their midnight tippling in taverns."

Most important of all, are the increased anger and protest. Mysteriously anti-semitic posters and stickers are torn down. Girls resist being sent "to the country on government projects," for it is now common knowledge that 80 percent of them return pregnant. Men may wear brown shirts, but to a friend they will explain: "Listen, brown may be like a good steak—brown on the outside, red inside."

The Reich is sick. But its people are learning how to disgorge the poison that is enfeebling them. TONY CLARK.

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The Theater

First "Theater Union Night"

IT IS hard for us to report John Wexley's *Running Dogs* without some proprietary warmth. Twice THE NEW MASSES negotiated for the manuscript, twice publication was canceled by space limitations. Now the Theater Union has produced part of the play and the error of omission has to a degree been corrected; but if the rest of the play is as solid and absorbing as its second act, *Running Dogs* deserves a complete, immediate production.

People who saw *The Last Mile* and *They Shall Not Die* need not be told that Wexley is a play-maker of deftness and strength. An instinct for theater gives dramatic vibrancy to whatever he touches, whether it is a tale of a prison break or the frame-up of nine Negro boys. Wexley is one of the few who can adapt narrative material without losing something vital in the process. Just as his previous plays were built on a story by Roark Bradford and the actual events of the Scottsboro case, *Running Dogs* derives largely from Agnes Smedley's writings on Red China. But Wexley's hard clarity of dialogue and manipulation of action give his work an individual imprint—a welcome idiom for the social drama.

The second act of *Running Dogs,* an entity in itself, takes place in a makeshift Kuomintang army barracks. The soldiers gamble, curse, crab about their officers, argue, ask questions—questions about the war they are fighting and the "Communist Bandit Army" about which they know nothing except that it must be destroyed. A peddler brings in some fruit, spills some guileless chatter; the play ends when he is shot as a Red spy. This bare plot recital, like all such abstracts, omits the essential fact: that in the course of these unremarkable happenings the soldiers advance from ignorance to mental agitation, having learned something basic about the men they are murdering and the social force they are hired to smother.

It is evident that the effectiveness of a play with so little action depends enormously on production. And it must be admitted that the Theater Union has done a most inadequate job. The tempo dragged, the direction was desultory, the speeches themselves sounded unfamiliar in the mouths of the actors. The production would have collapsed entirely had it not been for the heroic work of Harold Johnsrud. He not only gave a superbly discerning performance as the peddler; but with subtly poised power he knit together the disparate elements around him.

A Letter to the President by Paul Peters and George Sklar, with music by Jerome Moross, provided the second program-feature. With sharp emotional power this mass-chant recounts an episode in the contemporary southern class-war—twelve armed Negroes trapped in a cabin who hold off a white mob, till a torch hurled across the night sets fire to their fortress and burns them into human coals. The authors have followed the form used by Brecht in a finale of *Mother;* and with signal success. It is only the last moments of the chant that dampen its fiery effectiveness. After witnessing the horror story the audience is strangely jolted by the wistfully soaring tones of a soprano solo. The emotions have been conditioned not for a single voice no matter how piercing, but for the banded voices of masses of men and women rising to avenge with relentless power their common pain at a hideous crime.

A Letter to Artef

WHEN *Mother* opened at the Civic Repertory in December, followers of the left drama "split" into two main schools. Some claimed that the Theater Union had botched a superb opportunity by insensitive adaptation of the Bert Brecht-Hanns Eisler original. Others, insisting the adaptors could not have done otherwise, argued their wisdom. Having reviewed the actual production (Dec. 3), we had postponed discussing the controversy for a later issue; but when the time arrived, *Mother* had disappeared; *Let Freedom Ring* had taken its place.

Everyone knows that the Theater Union did a fine thing by saving Bein's Southern strike play; but it is unfortunate that *Mother* had to be abandoned in the process, after a life of four weeks. Whatever the arguments for and against the production, *Mother* stands out as the most beautiful poetic drama of the revolution that has come to this country. In the structure of the separate passages glows a simplicity which transcends the usual meaning of the term: each scene is a microcosm of almost universal social dimensions. And the text as an entity breathes a nobility of spirit which our native social theater has not yet approached.

During the last few weeks the New Singers (under Lan Adomian) have been giving concert recitals of *Mother,* comprised of the Eisler songs and connective recitation. In terms of applause and box-office demands, the response has been overwhelming. It would seem that some left theater group might take a cue in this fact?

We believe, for example, that the Artef players could do a superlative production of *Mother.* One of the chief flaws in the Theater Union's production came from the heart-breaking difficulties of translating the Brecht verses into English. For all practical purposes this would be obviated in an Artef production because of the linguistic affinity between German and Yiddish. But there is an even more fortunate affinity: Brecht's idiom, the form of his dramatic thinking, is strangely congenial to Artef's stylistic predilections and creative capacities—a basic consideration solidly clarified by Artef's production of *Recruits.*

It is stirring merely to think of what Artef could do with this opportunity—and to realize, for example, how superbly the Freiheit Gezang Farein could sing Eisler's wonderful songs.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

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Music

The Phonograph and Labor

THE phonograph came into existence just sixty years ago. By the October Revolution Lenin was using it to spread his personal force into corners where he himself was unable to go. By the time Hitler took over Germany there were hundreds of Hanns Eisler records to feed the Nazi bonfires.

But in America records had no direct function in the labor movement until this very year. A few chain-gang songs had found their way into commercial catalogs, labelled "spirituals" or "race records." *The Internationale* had been recorded three times in band versions, replete with piccolo in the standard Sousa manner. Once it was intertwined with another piece of band music. Once it was operated on by Jazz. But even such versions appeared under different names: *Hymn of the Laborers* and *First of May* (*Internationale*), etc. In any case, all three have long been out of stock. Then there were some experiments with "home recordings" of one or two workers' concerts—without practical results—and numerous plans to establish independent recording companies to issue revolutionary songs. But year after year passed and nowhere could you buy a single record of forthright proletarian music.

That recordings *can* play a very significant role in the labor movement is obvious, once the present status of the phonograph is clear. That status is hardly what it once was. In the early 'twenties practically every home had its talking machine. Caruso is said to have earned a million dollars by his phonograph singing alone. But by 1928 radio receivers had begun to displace talking machines. They were cheaper, they required no winding of motors, no continuous outlay for records. The record business dwindled to the point where its very survival was almost problematic. But the last four years have proved that despite its "advantages," the radio can be only a sorry substitute for the phonograph. Records are re-appearing and in greater numbers; the standards of recording have never been so high. And if records are being made, they are also being sold. The Disc Club of New York announces phonograph concerts of *all* the recorded works of Beethoven: the series will fill twenty-two evenings! The fact is that a constantly growing mass of people are returning to the phonograph for something they cannot possibly obtain from the radio.

In the light of all this, the appearance of three records[1] which are definitely of the Left has far more than passing importance; and the fact that they are technically so excellent is worth every music-lover's enthusiasm. I have seen listeners, time after time, fidgeting in their chairs, infected by the rousing rhythms of the music and almost unable to restrain themselves from breaking into the chorus.

That four of the six songs are by Hanns Eisler is a significant tribute to that great composer of workers' music.

These songs *should* go out into places where concerts are unknown; and in no way can they go so effectively as thus, in actual sound. They will be played in homes, to a few men. They will be played at mass meetings where they will stir thousands. In mining towns where men have forgotten how to sing. In shacks by the waterfront. In farmhouses through the West. And everywhere they will come now, at last, in their living form.

A song like *In Praise of Learning* has qualities which have appealed to all sorts of people almost as long as songs have been made. It is at once simple, fresh, haunting. The quiet, child-like opening for women's voices, almost chanting; the vibrant, electric voice of the soloist; and the contrasts between the women's voices and the full chorus —music which makes a solid impact; and by no other means so broadly or so quickly as by the record.

Rise Up has another kind of strength. A magnificent song of action, its sturdy surging movement is not to be found in ordinary music of our time. From the first firm piano chords, it drives with unflagging vigor on to the close.

Forward, We've Not Forgotten is somewhat handicapped by its translation, not because the translation is bad but because there is no tonal English equivalent of *Vorwaerts, und Nichts Vergessen*. At other places you feel that words and music are less closely knit than in the original German.

Internationale is not the best of the six performances. The singing is a shade too brittle, perhaps too incisive. And here, as in other places, the chorus is not always easy to understand. But what a pleasure it is to own such a recording. To hear it played full and rich and loud—in your own home! To hear it at meetings, where it arouses the liveliest kind of mass song.

As they continue to appear, records like these are bound to have a tremendous effect throughout the music front. For here is the music itself, not a printed copy of it. Composers who are writing mass songs have new opportunities now to reach the people.

GARETH ROSS.

[1] *The International* and *Forward, We've Not Forgotten; Soup Song* and *United Front; Rise Up* and *In Praise of Learning*. Timely Recording Company. 75 cents each.

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The Screen

"The Story of Louis Pasteur"

IN VIEW of the usual Hollywood standard *The Story of Louis Pasteur* conveys its message with signal maturity. Paul Muni, an actor of real theatrical culture and one of the very few who can choose his own roles, was largely instrumental in having this film produced. It is concerned more with the work of the French scientist than with the episodes which Hollywood fondly calls a man's "private life." Muni's interpretation of Pasteur is full of warmth, humility and tenderness. Josephine Hutchinson as Pasteur's wife is convincing and gives the actress her first real opportunity in the films. The high spot in the film is Pasteur's famous demonstration of his anthrax serum before an audience of Europe's famous scientists, France's medical skeptics and the grateful peasants of Pouilly-le-Fort. Conceived in carnival spirit, the scene rises to a lyric climax when a peasant lifts a sheep toward the sky in salute to Pasteur.

With skill and understanding Muni interprets Pasteur's crusade for aseptic surgery. In fact, in the episode—when a physician is about to deliver his daughter's child — Pasteur takes command and gives an elementary lesson in aseptic surgery.

But the insertion of some box-office melodrama in many places prevents *The Story of Louis Pasteur* from being as dramatic and exciting as John Ford's film of *Arrowsmith* or Sidney Howard's *Yellowjack*. Why the sensational murder in the first scene of *Pasteur?* Why was it necessary to make Pasteur promise the doctor who was about to deliver his daughter's child that he would publicly announce that his hydrophobia cure was a fake? Why the excessive contrasts in characterizations, making Pasteur a Messiah and his colleagues inhuman and wooden villains? The high drama in the least sensational scenes exposes these synthetic "over-dramatizations." One answer, I believe, is to be found in the pages of Variety:

> From a salesmanship standpoint there is too much attention paid to the anthrax and rabies cures and not enough to the childbirth angles. Latter actually was rather unimportant in Pasteur's life as compared to the former, but for dramatic purposes, sharpening it might have led to greater audience interest. On the other hand, there's the censorial angle.

As Delahanty stated in The New York Post, it is true that the conflict is between Pasteur and the French Academy of Medicine and that his experiments were in direct opposition to the sacrosanct opinion of the academy members. This would be an oversimplification—one which would narrow the potential significance of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*. Pasteur was a complex personality: outside his laboratory, pompous, arrogant, violently jealous of his fellow scientists; at work a genius. Politically conservative, a mystical Catholic, a professional patriot, Pasteur bitterly opposed Darwin's theory of evolution, dogmatically denied the possibility of spontaneous generation. But although professional Pasteur-baiters existed in abundance, they were by no means the sole or even the most important cause of the "conflict between Pasteur and the French Academy."

Pasteur in all his complexity and unhappiness and with his many faults, is remembered and honored as a great scientist. This full complexity of the man provided the material for a much higher and more dramatic film than the present product. It was this fully truthful method that made *Chapayev* a great film biography. Can Hollywood dare to use it? Nevertheless as it is, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is a step forward, a small but welcome one. PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

WITH this issue our editorial masthead on page five has been revised to list additions and changes. The magazine, of course, will continue to be edited collectively by an editorial board. Isidor Schneider and Joseph Freeman have joined the staff as co-editors. Loren Miller, who has been in Los Angeles since January, will continue to act as contributing editor; similarly Granville Hicks and Joshua Kunitz.

With the assistance of our friends in Canada and America who protested to the Canadian authorities against their banning of THE NEW MASSES, the prohibitory order has been finally lifted. THE NEW MASSES can now circulate freely throughout Canada.

The original ban was imposed several years ago when our magazine was still a monthly. When on January 1, 1934 it became a weekly, we initiated the campaign to win the right to be distributed to dealers and to subscribers in Canada. It has been a long and weary—and worthwhile battle.

Now that the ban has been removed, we wish to broadcast the fact to everyone in Canada who may be interested in helping us to gain proper distribution. We want to tell Canadian friends that a subscription to THE NEW MASSES is a guarantee of its regular weekly receipt. A yearly subscription, because of higher postage rates, costs fifty cents more than the regular $4.50.

Members of our editorial board will participate in the discussion following Earl Browder's talk on "The Intellectual Crisis" (Hotel Delano, 108 West 43d St., Feb. 24, 8:20 p.m.). The lecture is one of a series given by the League of American Writers.

Because of the unusual interest created by her talk at the last meeting of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES, Elizabeth Lawson will speak again on February 26 (8:30 p.m., Room 717A, Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th St., N. Y.). Her subject is "The Position Today of the Negro." Admission free.

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